TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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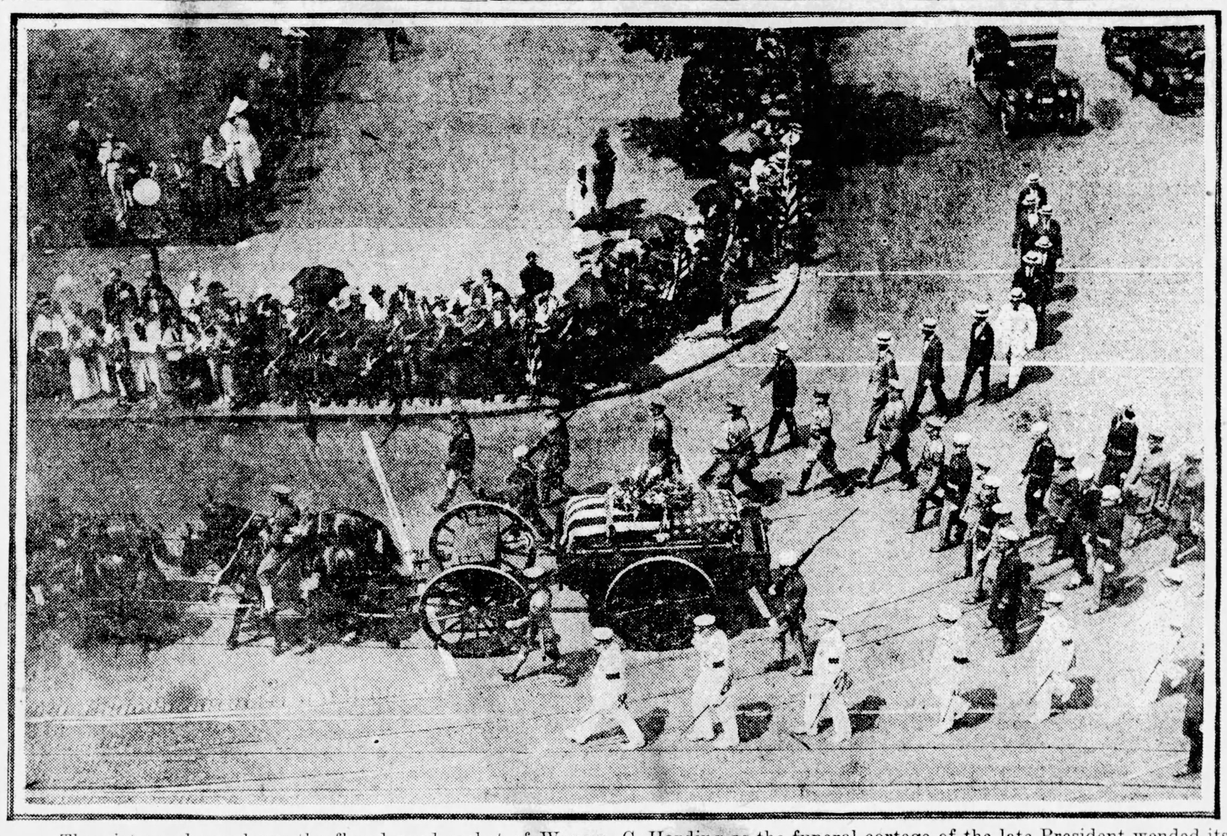
REVERENT MARION LAYS SON IN TOMB TO REST FOREVER

Nation Honors Stricken President in Solemn March for the Dead



The picture above shows the flag-draped casket of Warren G. Harding as the funeral cortege of the late President wended its solemn way to the rotunda of the Capitol where the nation paid tribute to its stricken leader.

CAPITAL SHOWS GRIEF FOR ITS HONORED DEAD

Notables of Nation and World Escort President's Remains in Capitol in Pageant of Sorrow.

America spoke her grief Wednesday, Aug. 8, at the passing of a well beloved son, the twenty-ninth President of the United States; spoke it in a pageant of sorrow, spoke it in an outpouring of silent emotion; spoke it in tones of majestic reverence such as the nation has seldom heard.

All that a great and powerful people can do to show their veneration and their respect for a departed leader was done in the national capital for Warren G. Harding. All the homage and sorrow that is in the nation's heart was laid at his silent feet. And in the performance there was written a chapter across the pages of the republic's history that shall be forever green in the memories of men.

The cavalcade of sorrow deposited its dead at the nation's capitol at 11:20 A. M. The slow, mournful journey down historic Pennsylvania avenue, midst crowded sidewalks of sorrowing citizens, took 63 minutes. The mortal remains of the late President were then carried up the broad entrance into the rotunda for the funeral service.

Hardly had a torrid sun swung quarter way across the smoky sky when the great black gates of the White House swung wide and all that remained of Warren G. Harding came forth from his last night under its broad roof into the hands of the people and thence through endless lines of a bowed and reverential citizenry to where the dome of the capitol showed mistily against the foggy heavens.

And there, under the great dome which has covered but few of the nation's heroes, reverential hands laid his body, wrapped only in the glorious mantle of the flag, on its catafalque that the rich and the poor, the mighty and the small, might pass by his bier and mourn him to his grave.

Home at Last.

Historic Pennsylvania avenue, which has echoed to the sadness of Lincoln's cortege, the triumphant tramp of Grant's men, home from the wars; the grief that attended the passing of Garfield and McKinley, reverberated Wednesday to the marching of those who did honor to Harding, home at last, after a 3,000-mile journey that Caesar might well have envied.

It was down this same broad avenue, only 29 months ago, that Warren G. Harding rode to the greatest honor that can come to man, the presidency of the greatest republic on earth. Then he was filled with the flush of live, vigorous, alert, keen and anxious to get to the great tasks ahead of him. Beside him that bleak March day rode a man who was relinqishing the same honored position, shrunken, white faced, lone, a victim of the terrible toll that America exacts of her high servants. Wednesday that same white-faced man, Woodrow Wilson, rode behind Warren G. Harding to the shrine of the nation's departed great.

Then the avenue had been gay, boisterous, its buildings afire with flags and bunting, and the acclaim that came to Warren G. Harding that day brought a rich red flush to his tanned face and a twisted smile to the face of the man who rode besides him. Wernesday the avenue was silent as the tomb, its buildings draped with black, and the brilliant colorings of the flags and the bunting dimmed by the crepe that swung dead in the hot listless air.

There was, however, the same acclaim. But where before it had been the acclaim for the hopeful living, it was the silent acclaim for the revered dea.

The same faces were to be seen on the avenue Wednesday that were there that cold March day, 29 months ago. There were men, grave, silent, bareheaded and respectful. There were women, somber of dress, and frankly tearful. There were children, wide-eyed and tearful, too, for the man who had allowed them to roll eggs on his lawn at Eastertide.

Mournful Dirge of Dead.

The avenue resounded to the mournful dirge of the dead. Twice now in the last quarter century, it has vibrated with the slow cadence of marching men, bound on a sad stern duty of bidding a fitting farewell to a departed president.

In the great procession which marked the final passing of Warren G. Harding from the white House to the capitol, and his passing, too, from the stage of world affairs, were all manner of men. There were the great of the nation and the small.

There was the new President, Calvin Coolidge, slim, reddish haired, his face reflecting already the realization of the awful burdens that have suddenly been placed upon his narrow shoulders by an inscrutable fate.

There were two past presidents of the republic, Taft and Wilson. The years have passed and but slightly touched the former since he last went up the avenue. They have

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Little Lame Girl Returns W. G.'s Kiss

A little crippled girl—one small leg twisted in a cruel brace—limped painfully along the line of mourners in Washington. On tiptoe she surveyed the still, white face. Then suddenly she leaned and kissed the edge of President Harding's coffin.

"He kissed me once," she sobbed. "He was sorry 'cause I was lame, and he kissed me and he gave me a flower from his buttonhole."

Then the little mourner was swept along in the sorrowful line which passed the casket.

170 Prostrations at Harding Rites

Intense heat caused 170 prostrations among those in the Harding funeral procession from the White House to the capitol in the lines of spectators along the route and the crowd awaiting entrance to the rotunda to view the body.

First aid stations and hospitals, reporting that this number was given treatment, said none was in a serious condition.

TURK RELATIONS IN NEW PHASE

America and Angora Sign Pacts Covering Trade and Extradition.

With the ratification of two treaties signed Aug. 6, the relations between the United States and Turkey will enter on a new phase, Joseph C. Grew, the American representative, in a brief address said that the conventions permit "close and useful co-operation between the two countries."

Ismet Pasha laid emphasis on the ties of democracy binding the United States and Turkey. He depicted Turkey as "a new Turkey" and a land whose government was based on the will of the people.

The two treaties, one general, and the other relating to extradition, printed in French were signed by Mr. Grew, Ismet Pasha, Riza Nur-Bey and Hassen Bey.

In the general convention the contracting parties agree to terminate all treaties existing between them and declare that capitulations are completely abrogated. Each party agrees to receive diplomatic and consular representatives who will be accorded most favored nation treatment. Citizens of the United States will be entitled to travel and reside in Turkey on condition that they comply with the laws of the country, and to engage in professional, commercial and industrial activities permitted by law to foreigners, and will be assured of the most complete protection of person and property in accordance with the standards of international law.

HARDING'S DOG BIDS GOODBYE TO HIS MASTER

Laddie Boy, Ever Faithful, Noses Among Flowers Looking for Departed Friend.

Laddie Boy said his last goodbye to his master in the East Room of the White House last week.

Mrs. Harding, who loves Laddie Boy no less than her husband did, told the attendant whose special charge the pup has been to take him into the East Room for a moment, because he seemed to want to enter.

Alertly he sniffed the heavy air, freighted with the fragrance of the funeral blooms, walked solemnly around the bier lying under the great crystal chandelier and poked his nose among the flowers, as if looking for the master he knew was there, but couldn't see, and then turned brown eyes on the White House attaches with an inquiring look which made their own eyes turn misty.

Laddie Boy knew his master was back in the house, but he seemed to sense that for some reason he couldn't find him, and like a good dog he concluded there was nothing to do but go back to his favorite spot and wait, faithful to the end.

Letter Confesses Murder of Villa

Attorney General Delhuema of Mexico recently announced that President Obregon had received a letter signed by Jesus Halas, a member of the lower house of the legislature from Durango, confessing that he led the band that killed Francisco Villa July 20. The letter said that the former bandit leader was murdered in order to avenge his numerous victims.

President Obregon sent the letter to the attorney general for investigation.

New Plane Engine to Give Great Speed

A giant aeroplane engine of six cylinders, each developing more than 250 horsepower, is being built for Britain's latest air bombers.

It will be the most formidable aero engine in existence and it is computed it will give the planes a speed of up to 160 miles an hour.

COOLIDGE WILL RETAIN ALL OF OLD CABINET

Department Heads Agree to Remain at Work Under Direction of New Chief Executive.

With the decision of Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty to remain on the job, President Coolidge is assured of keeping intact the entire Harding cabinet.

That this means no less for the Coolidge administration than for nation is the prevailing view here.

It gives the new executive the benefit of 10 trained, trusted and teamworking department heads, familiar with all the great foreign and domestic problems. At the same time it insures the country the government machine will continue to roll forward without a jolt or jar.

Relying on Daugherty.

Daugherty, who was President Harding's closest personal friend in Washington, wanted to retire. He has been ill almost a year and Mr. Harding's death was a stunning blow.

He urged President Coolidge to accept his resignation.

Coolidge refused. He reminded Daugherty more than his personal wishes were at stake. He told him he had an obligation to the memory of his dead chief to "carry on" after he was gone. He added that he personally relied on his advice and assistance in solving some pressing problems.

Daugherty yielded. He said that his health was improved and that he would try, broken-hearted though he is, to continue.

The same spirit, in large degree, animates the whole cabinet. Several others, including Secretaries Hughes and Hoover, would retire if they consulted their preferences only. Official life is largely drudgery and, for men of such high caliber as composed the Harding cabinet, means great personal sacrifices, financial and otherwise.

Many Cases Pending.

President Coolidge is believed to be particularly anxious to retain the services of Attorney General Daugherty because of the many important pending prosecutions which he initiated. Among these are the numerous war fraud cases and anti-trust cases, including that recently filed to dissolve the International Harvester Co.

By retaining unbroken the Harding cabinet President Coolidge will have gone far toward solidifying all elements of the Republican party behind him for the coming session of congress and for meeting the many tests which his administration is to undergo soon, including the anthracite coal crisis.

Also it is likely to have important bearing on his prospects for winning the Republican presidential nomination next year. Attorney General Daugherty's retention is likely to mean much for Coolidge in getting support of the Ohio delegates to the next Republican national convention. The late President's host of followers in the Buckeye state are certain to appreciate the action of his successor in keeping his best friend in power.

Technical Training Needed In England

Two-thirds of the boys reared in London enter casual trades as unskilled labor and shopmen, and only 13 per cent enter the skilled trades.

The figures, which have been prepared in the interests of a campaign to furnish greater technical education for London's youth, are said to be higher in unskilled and lower in skilled trades than any other large city in Western Europe or America.

It is the result of an insufficient number of technical training centers, and the poverty among the lower classes, which forces the boys to work at very early ages.

The campaign which is being backed by many welfare organizations will attempt to arouse interest in the establishing of training centers throughout England.

Skunk Pays Call; Police Summoned

A hurry call to police headquarters in New Haven, Conn., came from the Boulevard, a street of handsome homes, and a motorcycle officer dispatched from the nearest precinct found a woman on the sidewalk highly excited and pointing toward a couch hammock on the porch.

"Be careful," gasped the woman, and the officer crept forward to find a skunk coiled there. One shot ended its career without damage to property.

Uninvited Little Fox Terrier Takes Station at Tomb of President

When the iron gates had closed on the vault where Warren G. Harding slept, a friendly fox terrier pup lay down before them undisturbed by the guardsmen who kept the vigil around the tomb. The little dog had come uninvited to the great man's funeral perhaps called by the love for animals this kindly man had always shown.

In and out among the cabinet officers, generals and admirals standing reverently by the bier, he twisted his way, he wandered close to the coffin as though he recognized the presence there of a friend. Finally, in sleepy contentment, he laid down just inside the open doors of the tomb to watch with drowsy eyes as the rites were concluded.

And because President Harding loved dogs those who loved Warren Harding best were glad to see him there. No hand was raised to drive him away. Even the sorrowful widow had noted him there. His presence sent a little gleam of happiness through her gloom for she knew the dead President would have welcomed this little wanderer.

The time came when the coffin must be carried into the vault and the little dog blocked the way. There was a motion to push him to one side, but Mrs. Harding would not have it so. At her whisper Secretary George B. Christian called softly to the guards to coax, not to drive him. After all but the soldier guard had left the tomb, Capt. Andrews, the dead President's aide, went back to see that all was well there before Mrs. Harding left for Washington. He went at Mrs. Harding's request and he brought back to her word that he found the terrier sitting at the door of the tomb, still faithful to the dead friend sleeping there.

To Mrs. Harding it was a bright spot in a dark hour of her life. Speeding toward Washington she thus described it to friends on the train, telling how she had watched the little visitor stray among the feet of those about the coffin and had drawn comfort even in that moment from his coming.

HOURS IN STEEL MILLS ARE CUT

Gary Units Are First to Be Affected; Millions Added to Payroll.

The first move toward nation-wide establishment of an eight-hour day in the steel industry was made Monday when a unit of blast furnace workers in the Gary mills of the United States Steel corporation were put on an eight-hour workday.

The decision is in accordance with a frequently expressed request to all steel companies by the late President Harding.

To effect the change from the long-established 12-hour day, more than 500 additional men will be employed at the Gary mills, it was learned from authentic sources. It was also forecast that by August 16 the open hearth workers also would be on the eight-hour schedule.

Within a year, it was predicted, every worker in the steel mills at Gary will be on an eight-hour shift. A similar arrangement was expected in the mills of the Carnegie Steel So., a subsidiary of the United States Steel corporation, and in other mills.

The eight-hour day will go into effect soon in several units of the working forces at the Carnegie Steel Co., Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the corporation, announced.

Mr. Gary had announced on the last day of the President's life, that the change to an eight-hour schedule would be made as "rapidly as possible."

Dispatches from Youngstown, O., also predicted the elimination of the 12-hour working day there. The Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co., one of the largest independent steel manufacturing concerns in the country, announced that its 12-hour men would be put on eight-hour shifts.

The shorter working day will necessitate employment of more than 65,000 additional workers, it was estimated. That means that approximately $45,000,000 must be added to the annual payroll.

Wages must be adjusted so earnings equivalent to a 25 per cent increase in hourly and base rates will be afforded, it was announced. Under this plan, hourly pay will be raised from 40 to 50 cents, but daily pay decreased from $4.80 to $4.

Beginning August 16, the 12-hour day in the United States Steel corporation plants in the "tri-state" district, with Pittsburgh as the base, will be eliminated, it was said by officials of subsidiary companies at Pittsburgh.

New Argentine Law Would Stop Gambling

A bill designed to discourage Buenos Aireans from crossing the River Platte to gamble in Uruguay has been passed by the Argentine chamber of deputies. It imposes a tax of 10,000 pesos a voyage on any passenger steamer from an Argentine port which calls at any port within 80 kilometers of Buenos Aires where roulette or other gaming establishments are maintained.

The measure directly affects a river steamer which nightly carries several hundred gamblers to the Uruguayan port of Colonia, returning in the morning. Suicides of Argentines who lost fortunes on Colonia's roulette wheels were cited when the bill was proposed. Gambling resorts are prohibited in the Argentine capital but are legal in Uruguay.

PRESIDENT'S CAREER PASSES IN REVIEW BEFORE HIS "PALS"

Warren Harding, the President; Warren Harding, the bandsman; Warren Harding, the banker; Warren Harding, the printer; Warren Harding, the church member; Warren Harding, the neighbor; Warren Harding, the friend—came home last week.

The nation has paid its tribute to its dead President. Marion now receives him back into the community where he was born and where he grew to world fame.

Let's stop a moment and look at Warren Harding through the eyes of the men who knew him best.

AS AN EDITOR:

"He was the 'whitest' man in all the world. He never criticized. If he thought you were wrong he had the knack of pointing out that fact in such a way as to make you feel good about it. I never saw him angry. He was the most tolerant of men in public life. He was always thoughtful of others. Warren G. Harding never knowingly wronged anyone."—George McCormick, managing editor Marion Star.

AS A BANDSMAN:

"Back in 1883 we had the Marion Silver Cornet band. This young fellow joined up. And a good tooter he was. One time, at the fair grounds the Bucyrus band was ahead of us. Some fellow 'hollered' back, 'Why don't you boys tune up a little.' This fellow Harding shouted back: 'We'll do our playing at the fair grounds,' and we won the first prize."—Ed Clark, old time bandmaster.

AS A BANKER:

"There was an old fellow who wanted to borrow about $800. He talked to Warren. Warren made a motion to give him the money and one of Warren's relatives seconded it. The man got just two votes. That was Harding all the way. He was generous to a fault. I don't believe he could have foreclosed a mortgage. And yet, as a banker he was careful and conservative."—George Copeland, fellow director, Marion county bank.

AS NEIGHBOR—FRIEND:

"Never saw 'W. G.' get mad in 33 years. He was the best natured man I ever met. He was always busy. It didn't make any difference whether a man was a millionaire or a barber, he was your friend. Never gave me a tip in his life. When a man's your friend you don't tip him. He gave me presents because he was mighty generous."—Haybeck, Harding's favorite barber.

AS A POLITICIAN:

"That's the trouble, he wasn't a good politician. He was thoroughly honest and believed too much in the absolute honesty and the integrity of others. You'd better headline that 'Mr. Harding as a public servant.' That would be more in keeping with his character. He always felt that he was a servant."—French Crow, postmaster of Marion.

AS A BUSINESSMAN:

"Warren was one of our stockholders. As a man of business he was very thorough. He never passed judgment on a proposition until he knew it from all sides. He was a great believer in giving subordinates responsibility and the authority to back it up. He liked to see men get along. He wanted them promoted as fast as they were ready. He was kind and charitable."—James Prendergast, millionaire head of Prendergast Company.

AS A CHURCHMAN:

"He was the most loyal man to his church I ever knew. He was a trustee of the church for 25 years. He wasn't the kind of man who would forget his church when he went away either. He was always looking for some way to improve things. One time we were standing in the church and Mr. Harding said: 'Doctor, I'd just like to take this church and decorate it myself.'"—Dr. C. J. Bryant, fellow trustee of Trinity Baptist church.

AS A PRINTER:

"'W. G.' used to help out setting type. A generous man. Any tramp printer could get a job and enough for a bite to eat. Asked to get off for a couple of days once to take a vacation. Told me to wait for a little while. Finally called me in, gave me tickets to Salt Lake City for my wife and me. T'aint right he's gone."—"Lou" Miller, probably the oldest printer in Ohio.

There's the picture. That's the man who was brought back to his home town—Warren G. Harding, citizen of Marion.

MRS. COOLIDGE PROVES SELF CLEVER NURSE

Ministers to Secretary's Wife Who Was Overcome by Intense Heat.

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge recently proved herself an efficient nurse.

Returning from the Harding funeral ceremonies at the Capitol, Mrs. Edward T. Clark, wife of the President's secretary, collapsed from the heat in the corridor outside the presidential suite in the New Willard hotel.

Mr. Clark ran to her side and with the assistance of others carried her into an adjoining room.

Hearing of the incident, Mrs. Coolidge hurried from her suite to Mrs. Clark's side and was administering restoratives when an army doctor arrived.

Mrs. Clark soon recovered.

Stamboulisky Death Lifts Ban on Style

The tragic exit from the political scenes of Bulgaria of Premier Stamboulisky had an unlooked for aftermath in Sofia. Word reaching Paris said the women of the city immediately began wearing short skirts and high-heeled shoes.

Stamboulisky several months ago had issued a decree forbidding such "frivolity." The women took it for granted that with his death the decree would not be enforced.

BOARD ADOPTS ARMS TREATY

Text Provides Reduction of All Armaments Within Next Two Years.

The temporary mixed commission of the league of nations for reduction of armaments adopted the test of the proposed treaty of mutual guarantees designed to bring about reduction of armaments which it will submit to the assembly of the league in September.

The text provides for a general treaty to be signed by all the members of the league.

This agreement, so far as it implies the use of military force, is of continental application only, no signatory being obliged to contribute military efforts on any continent other than that on which it is situated.

Thus, the South American countries and Canada would not, by signing the treaty, incur any obligation to intervene in a European conflict.

The right of any state to aid from the other signatories under this position depends upon the reduction of its armaments to the lowest limit justified by the security which the agreement gives.

If a threatened state has complied with these conditions, the council of the league will, in four days from receiving the notice, decide whether there is cause for action, and if so, will notify the signatories to the treaty and recommend the kind of assistance.

Aircraft Protection by Law Being Sought

Needed legislation for protection of aircraft operation will be one of the principal topics of discussion at the annual meeting of the National Air Institute in St. Louis Oct. 1-2, under the supervision of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce. This body is co-operating with a committee representing the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, Society of Automotive Engineers, American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the National Aeronautic association.

The third national aero congress, which includes the convention of the National Aeronautic association, the governing body of aviation in this country, also will convene Oct. 1, simultaneously with the international air races.

NEWSPAPER CREED TYPIFIES CHARACTER OF MR. HARDING

Warren G. Harding's newspaper creed, pasted on the wall of the editorial room of his newspaper, the Marion Star, warns reporters and editor to "be truthful, be fair and above all, be clean!"

Following is the text of the creed:

"Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both!

"Be truthful.

"Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a 100 half wrong.

"Be decent. Be fair. Be generous.

"Boost — don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.

"In reporting a political gathering, get the facts; tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it.

"Treat all parties alike. If there's any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns.

"Treat all religious matters reverently.

"If it can possibly be avoided never bring ignominy to an innocent woman or child in telling of the misdeed or misfortune of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking.

"And, above all, be clean. Never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type.

"I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child."

HARDING SLEEPS IN HOME TOWN AMONG FRIENDS

Sorrowing Neighbors View Last Simple Rites That Mark Passing of Nation's President.

In a little vine covered vault, set like a green jewel between the white headstones that mark the earthly beds of his old friends, there was laid to rest Aug. 10 Warren G. Harding, twenty-ninth president of the United States.

Within a stone's throw of his shady resting place are the graves of his mother and his sister, and all around him sleep the friends and neighbors of the small town from which he sprang to world eminence. Many of those who surrounded him in his final sleep he helped to bury. He wrote their obituaries and the stories of their funerals in the days when he was the struggling young editor of a none too stable country newspaper.

The ceremonies that brought him to the little green vault were as simple and unostentatious as even his simple, kindly heart could have wished.

Only the booming of the Presidential salute of 21 guns in the distance, only the great crowd that eddied and moved restlessly about the cemetery, only the presence of an unusual number of men in high silk hats and funereal clothes, only the countless bowed heads and tearful faces marked this funeral as different from the myriads of others that he himself attended in this same sun-lit city of the dead.

Buried as Private Citizen.

The late President was buried in the role that he loved best—as a private citizen mourned by the friends and neighbors of a lifetime. Throughout the day, a strange unreal day for the little town he helped to build, these same friends and neighbors had passed by his bier in an endless line and mourned sincerely his going.

The great and the small of the nation were there, gathered in a great semi-circle around the vault that is to hold all that is earthly of him.

The new President of the United States was there, members of the cabinet, supreme court justices, senators and representatives, and they rubbed elbows, under the leveling influence of death, with those of Warren Harding's friends whose clothing and appearance denoted a life of toil and not much pecuniary success. They gathered there together in reverence and sorrow over the passing of one whose highest professed ambition in life had been ever to be a good friend and a good neighbor, and who bore the reputation in his home town of having attained his ambition.

Sun Lights Scene.

The late Summer sun, which had struggled against clouds throughout the day, was still high in the heavens when the noiseless gray hearse slid gently into the trim burying ground—a plot as neat as Warren G. Harding used to love to keep his desk. It moved slowly around through the winding, graveled path to where soldiers kept back a great and reverential throng.

Behind the hearse came the sorrowful mourners of the dead, half a hundred cars of them relatives, the President, generals of the army, admirals of the navy resplendent in their white uniforms shot with burnished gold, and behind them the staid officialdom of the capital.

It was symbolic of Warren Harding's life and with the wishes of his bereaved widow that three score men and women from the Marion Star, who had worked for and with them in other and happier days, marched immediately behind the flag-covered casket and ahead of the high silk-hatted, frock-coated statesmen from Washington.

Prominently placed, too, were intimate and oldtime friends and all of those who accompanied the dead President westward on what proved to be a trip of tragedy and of death.

Harding's Favorite Hymn.

Above the restless murmur of the leaves there floated out over the bowed heads of the multitude the sweetly solemn strains of Warren Harding's favorite hymn—

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on."

It was sung by the choir of the Trinity Baptist church. Many times before he went to Washington to live in the White House the dead President had heard this same sweetly solemn hymn, sung by the same voices in the church he attended there.

Then the resonant voice of the Rev. George M. Landis, the young pastor of his church, came forth, intoning the passages of the Scriptures that were especially liked by the departed.

"And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads—

"And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they reign forever and ever.

"No More Death."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed."

Then the prayer. It was given by the Rev. Dr. Jesse Swank, Methodist

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POVERTY HOWL OF POLITICIANS TIRES FARMERS

They Begin to Shun the Sad-Voiced Apostles of Discontent Such as Senator Brookhart.

Farmers—land owners—are beginning to show a reaction and a resentment toward those who constantly are picturing them as poverty stricken citizens who scarcely know where their next meal is coming from.

They fear apostles of woe, such as Brookhart, who arouse discontent and then capitalize on it politically, are overdrawing the agricultural situation. The farmer's situation, though it has improved, compared with a year ago, is not satisfactory, but he does not want continually to be played up as a bankrupt and have his credit weakened. Wheat, which represents only 10 per cent of the country's farm products, has slipped a bit, but the market as it affects corn, which is grown in much larger quantities than wheat, and other agricultural products is considerably improved over last year. Like other business men the farmer has been going through a trying period of after-war readjustment, but he is beginning to see daylight, the pessimist notwithstanding.

Iowans Show Reaction.

Interesting enough, farmers of Iowa, the home of Brookhart, country lawyer and expert rifle shot, who has been attempting to make himself the self-appointed guardian of the agriculturalists, are among the first to show a reaction to the alarm which political opportunists are spreading with their own political advantage in mind. Iowa grows much corn and little wheat. What applies to Minnesota, where too many farmers grow wheat exclusively rather than going in for diversified crops, does not apply so much to Iowa and other states.

E. T. Meredith, a Democrat, editor of leading agricultural papers of Iowa and who was the secretary of agriculture in the Woodrow Wilson cabinet, is among those who have grown weary of the Brookhart pessimism. Mr. Meredith, who is more closely identified with Iowa agriculture than any other man in the state, suggests "there is a conspiracy among certain factions (evidently referring to the Brookhart alarmists) to misrepresent and discourage the farmer." He adds the suggestion that agitators of unrest and spreaders of pessimism have "the big purpose to make political capital out of this deceit which can be used to the selfish advantage of those taking part in it."

Meredith Calms Fears.

Mr. Meredith, as a Democrat, might seek to stir up a bit of unrest himself if he desired to play politics, but he is not the type to take the role of demagogue. Rather than play politics, he cites figures—authentic government figures—to show that the farmer, though his situation is not yet satisfactory, is better off than he was and that agriculture, rather than going to the "bowbows," is gradually righting itself. Mr. Meredith pays his respects to Senator Brookhart, an alleged Republican who turned on his party after using the party label to get into office. Brookhart, who was elected only to fill the unexpired term and comes up for renomination next year has been a leader in agricultural discontent since the existence of discontent offers him political advantage. An improved agricultural situation would probably put an end to the political fortunes of the Brookharts.

Situation Getting Better.

While everything is not rosy with the farm, Mr. Meredith says it is high time "to deflate pessimism" because the facts show the agricultural situation is getting better instead of worse. He points out that if Senator Brookhart would seek facts in presenting any economic problem that he would learn that the grain farmer will receive $500,000,000 more for crop this year than last, in spite of the slump in the wheat crop. Meredith, using actual figures, shows that the price for corn, oats and barley, which represent a much bigger proportion of the farmer's products than wheat, is considerably higher now than at this time last year. For instance, the price paid for corn on an Iowa farm, not the price at marketing centers from which transportation charges have to be deducted, was 86.5 cents a bushel on July 1, this year, compared with the farm price on July 1, 1922, of 62.2 cents a bushel, a gain of 23.3 cents a bushel over last year.

Arthur Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, who keeps in touch with agricultural conditions through the 5,000 country banks with which he does business, holds that the position of agriculture in the west, while not yet satisfactory, is invincibly sound and that it is far removed from hopelessness or even discouragement. He says that western farmers, through country banks, have scaled down their indebtedness.

"The grain growers and cattle raisers of the West cannot be as impoverished as the Brookharts represent them to be, to say nothing of the 'bankruptcy' into which political agitators have plunged them," Mr. Reynolds was quoted as saying.

Down but Not Out.

"The farmer is down, but by no means out," he continued. "He cannot be put out unless he loses his head or is led astray by false prophets. The farmer's economic situation is bound to keep up a gradualy improvement."

Mr. Reynolds points out that the apostles of woe have refrained from explaining to the farmer that he is a business man and is undergoing only the trials and tribulations that others have weathered. Other business men are solving their problems and Mr. Reynolds is sure the farmers will finally get out of the woods. He grants that farmers have been bumped and bumped hard, but he sees a brighter future for them, the pessimist crew notwithstanding. The "Brookharts" have no political remedy. It doesn't help the farmer any to be held up before the country as a bankrupt. It would be ruinous to a business man were he advertised as going broke. The farmer needs encouragement, not discouragement.

The paper used in printing Bank of England notes is manufactured at a special mill, where no worker is allowed to enter any part of the building other than the room where he is employed

President's Father Is Just a Plain Old Farmer

—"P. & A. Photos."—Copyright, 1923.

While his son, Calvin, sits in the chair of the President of the United States, old John Coolidge, typical New England farmer works around his farm at Plymouth, Vt., satisfied with his lot as farmer, and in spite of his 78 years, very active and alert. He is not anxious to go to the capital. He has the honor of being the only father who has ever administered the oath of office to a son as President of the United States. This photo shows the elder Coolidge with his pet horse "Captain."

MARION LAYS SON TO REST FOREVER

Continued From Page One

pastor of Mrs. Harding's church in Marion. He asked especially that Divine blessing rest upon the aged father of the President and upon his sorrowing widow, who listened with bowed head, a pathetic figure in her heavy mourning.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the choir softly broke forth in the sadly beautiful:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

And then the benediction, given in a voice that trembled, by Bishop William F. Anderson of Cincinnati, a close personal friend of the late President.

Last Words Spoken.

As the last words of the benediction floated away there was a momentary pause. Then a rustle of moving feet, and the circle of sorrowing friends broke up and began to move slowly and quietly to where the waiting carriages would take them out of the trim, green cemetery, and into a world that has been changed mightily in the short space of eight days.

Just before the great gates of the vault closed, Mrs. Harding entered it alone. She stayed but a moment and then reappeared. She was tearful, but controlled.

President Coolidge also entered alone for a moment. He emerged grave of face and then quietly the mourning party broke up and went to their respective cars.

On the heels of the departing people came the clang of the great steel doors of the little vault.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
"And the hunter home from the hill."

Many Disappointed.

By 11:30 o'clock the line of people down Center street from the home where the body lay had grown to such enormous proportions that it became certain all of them could not pass through the little sitting room in the Harding home before the appointed hour for closing the casket, 1 o'clock.

The station and the Harding home are approximately a mile apart, both fronting on Center street, and at 11:30 o'clock the line extended clear from the home to the station, with the people packed six and seven abreast in a perspiring line. The sun was hot and the air humid.

What disposition to make of the perspiring throngs was a problem for those in charge of the arrangements, for it seemed utterly impossible for those in the rear of the procession to even get close to the modest little home of Dr. Harding. Incoming trains were constantly bringing in new hundreds and new thousands to swell the crowd, and at noon it was estimated that more than 50,000 people had come into town to almost double its population. The late arrivals simply joined on the rear end of the line. Hotels and eating establishments were crowded and unable to care for the visitors. Boy Scouts and volunteer workers went up and down the line with huge buckets of ice water.

Near the Harding home the street was kept clear by national guardsmen. Only cars bringing distinguished guests or officers or accredited newspaper correspondents were permitted to go through.

Meanwhile, the tiny yard of the home was choked with a multitude of floral offerings that early outgrew the dimensions of the Harding property and lapped over into adjoining yards. Shortly before noon a local florist's wagon drove up and deposited a six-foot, ornately contrived cross of flaming red flowers on which was worked in white "K. K. K."

The floral designs came from all parts of the country—by express, by freight, carried in automobiles, brought in person and as the funeral hour approached, the lawns adjoining the Harding home also began to fill up, so that there was a great blanket of flowers covering the grass for a hundred feet in either direction from the home.

Lodges and other fraternal organizations of which the President was a member sent the majority of them, but other hundreds of pieces came from individual friends and state and municipal governments.

At 2:15 o'clock the funeral cortege began forming in front of the residence. As fast as the cars were filled they were sent down the street and halted until the line could be formed in its entirety. The casket left the house at 2:20.

Mrs. Harding appeared calm and collected as she emerged from the house on the arm of Secretary Christian. She rode in the mournful procession in the fifth machine behind the hearse.

The first four cars carried President Coolidge, ex-President Taft and the honorary pallbearers of cabinet members and senators.

How many of Ohio's and the nation's citizens joined with the 30,000 Marion neighbors and friends of Warren G. Harding never will be known. They could only be roughly estimated. They came and came and came from everywhere until they literally crowded every street and byway which the late President knew and loved so well.

How many had the rare privilege of seeing the face of the President while the body lay in state at the home of his father Dr. George T. Harding, Sr., will never be known. For 16 hours they filed past the coffin with uncovered heads at the rate of about 40 per minute. When at last it became necessary at 1 o'clock to close the doors to make ready for the journey to the cemetery, there still were thousands waiting and disappointed. The solid mass of humanity that extended for eight blocks on the north side of Center street and had been constantly moving eastward toward the Harding home since 8 o'clock in the morning, was forced to turn away in sadness. Earlier in the day the line had extended more than 15 blocks down through the heart of the city.

One wish of Mrs. Harding could not be fulfilled.

She had expressed a desire that each person who so desired should be permitted to pass by the bier and pay his tribute of sorrow.

Some Give Up Hope.

There were thousands who early gave up hope of being able to see the dead President, because of the numbers which already were in line with little or no chance of reaching their goal. But not to depart from Marion without having done their best to bestow a tribute of love, they took to the opposite side of the street and joined in the solemn conclave which journeyed past the Harding home, paused there a few moments with bowed heads and moved on for others to take their places.

But the tree-lined street leading to the Harding home was not the only place where crowds assembled. The entire route of the funeral cortege from the home to the cemetery was lined with other thousands, many of whom had been waiting there since midnight to catch the first glimpse of the somber gray hearse as it bore Warren G. Harding, their friend, neighbor and beloved, to his tomb.

Even at the cemetery gates there was no break in the crowd. For hours they had been gathering within the City of Dead about the vault which was to receive the body.

They stretched along the graveled paths over which Mr. Harding would make his last journey and they overflowed onto the lawn beneath the stately elms which make the final resting place of the twenty-ninth President of the United States one of nature's beauty spots.

How many were in the cemetery never will be known. They numbered in the thousands. Only a faint sound as of a distant echo, now and then, could be heard of the funeral service by those holding the most distant positions from the tomb. Detachments of infantry kept the surging throng back from the sacred plot in front of the tomb where Mrs. Harding made the final surrender of her life's helpmate and the nation surrendered its leader.

SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

PRESIDENT HARDING'S life was insured for $52,100 with six companies. The largest policy, $15,000, was with the Mutual Benefit, on the 15 payment life plan, and was taken out in 1914. President Harding started to purchase policies when he was 19 years old.

Presidential candidacy of Senator Oscar Underwood was received with "hearty disapproval and opposition" at a meeting of the committee of allied labor organizations of the Birmingham, Ala., district, recently, resolutions made public by union officials disclosed.

Efforts were made in Columbus, O., recently by Paul Burke, said to be a representative of the Ku Klux Klan, to stop pari-mutuel betting at the Beulah park running races. Like action was taken during the grand circuit meeting there in July, but the meet came to an end before the test cases could be made.

H. L. Whitfield of Columbus, Miss., was leading his nearest opponent in a field of five in the contest for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. His nearest opponent was Governor Bilbo. Whitfield is an educator.

The banking employes' syndicate has declared a general strike in Madrid, forcing the closing of all banks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Edison went to Marion to attend the funeral of President Harding. There they joined Henry Ford to go to Michigan on a camping trip.

FINAL draft is being made of the minutes constituting the "exchange of views and statements" of the Mexican and American governments and the two claims conventions, all of which were to be signed by the commissioners.

A sharp cut in price, a reduction of 10 cents a gallon, from gasoline station prices prevailing throughout South Dakota was Governor McMaster's answer to the contention of dealers that 25 cents a gallon is a fair price. The cheaper gas may be purchased at the state supply depot at Mitchell.

George B. Christian, Jr., secretary to the late president, handed in his resignation to President Coolidge following the Harding funeral in Marion. Mr. Christian accompanied Mrs. Harding to Washington to make arrangements for the removal of her personal effects from the White House.

Floral tributes from the Washington funeral of President Harding were ordered distributed among the army and navy hospitals in the capital city by Mrs. Harding.

Chair of psychic phenomena at Stanford university has received a bequest from the estate of Thomas Welton Stanford of Melbourne, Australia, brother of the late Leland Stanford, founder of the university.

The Superba, the private car in which the body of President Harding was carried from San Francisco, probably will be retired from active service.

RANDALL PARRISH, 65, noted author, died Aug. 9 in his home in Kewanee, Ill. He had been ill for several months. Mr. Parrish was the writer of many novels, among which were "My Lady of the North" and "When Wilderness Was King."

Membership of the Knights of Columbus showed a gross increase of 75,793 for the year 1922-23, Supreme Secretary William J. McGinley of New York stated in his report to the 41st convention which was held there last week.

Gift of $27,000 of the Central Relief committee of Philadelphia, has been received in Germany for feeding German children. Charity work in the country is now almost entirely financed by America, Scandinavia and other foreign nations.

Fifty Moros were killed, a number wounded and three members of the constabulary were wounded in a fight on the island of Mindanao in the Philippines.

City of Superior, Wis., with a population of approximately 40,000 boasts at least one bootlegging establishment for each 100 population, records show.

A detachment of regular army men will guard President Harding's body in Marion cemetery for six months, as required by law, and perhaps longer. In the case of President McKinley, soldiers were on duty for almost two years to keep souvenir hunters away.

Attorney General Daugherty is expected to retire from the cabinet.

WORK TOO MUCH FOR U. S. BODY

Coal Commission Is Unable to Make Adequate Survey of Retail Trade.

Methods of retailing coal and profits made by retail dealers can best be explored by municipal and state agencies in the interests of the communities concerned, the federal coal commission has decided. In a statement last week the commission said that it had found coal retailing inextricably associated with trucking and storage and with the retailing of a variety of other commodities. The expense of making a national survey was estimated to be $2,000,000.

"There seems to be a lack of information as to how far the United States coal commission has gone in the anthracite and intends to go in the bituminous industry with reference to the retailing of coal," the statement said.

Business Complicated.

"To set the matter right, the commission announces that it soon discovered that with more than 40,000 retail coal dealers in America, many of whom had their coal business complicated with other articles of merchandise, the appropriation would not permit a presentation relative to the investment, cost, margin and profits of each of these dealers.

"The commission has done all that it could in the way of surveying in many of the municipalities of the country, the retail coal trade, and will present the result of its investigation to the country, but it has not gone and cannot go into an investigation of all the retail coal dealers of America.

Cost at Mine Is Limit.

"An investigation of such a character could not be made short of $2,000,000 and when made would not be conclusive as to whether the citizens of a municipality were satisfied to pay the prices charged by the retailer for coal. Therefore the commission has concluded that except as to the general investigation of the subject of the retail trade, it will have done all it can when it furnishes the information as to cost at the mine. The railroad rate is easily ascertainable.

"Citizens and municipalities must do something for themselves. If they believe that they are paying to the retailer an exorbitant profit, they should supplement the work of the commission by local investigations of the subject.

"It heartily approves all investigations that are being made to ascertain the profits of retailers in individual municipalities, the distribution of profits and any suggestions that can be made for the bettering, if needful, of conditions disclosed in the investigation of the subject."

PRESIDENT'S SON IGNORES HONORS

Letter of Calvin, Jr., to Mother Tells Only of Labor at $3 a Day.

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Found. The one person in America who doesn't give a hoot who's President.

A kid who would rather pick tobacco for $3 a day than live in the White House—Calvin Coolidge, Jr., 14, son of the President.

Cal wrote his mother recently. And his scribbled missive promises to go down in history as a most extraordinary expression of young America's democracy.

It is the first letter Mrs. Coolidge has received from either son since she and the President came to Washington. When they left Plymouth, Vt., in the cold gray dawn, young Calvin was rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"God-bye, Mother; 'bye, Pa," he said. And that was all. Now he has written them, and his letter contains not a word of congratulation for his father. Not a mention of the great honor that has fallen to the Coolidges. Not a word of coming to Washington. Not a jubilant phrase, nor a bit of enthusiasm.

Tells Only of Job.

Cal only tells his mother of his tobacco job, the "fine people" for whom he's working. Talks of his bicycle, and the heat, and the money he's earning—$3 a day.

There are only five words for the President of the republic—"give my love to Dad." The great honor accorded his father found no echo in the son's first letter.

"I've a desirable job," he writes, "picking tobacco at $3 a day."

Cal's father earns $75,000 a year, plus an extra $25,000 for expenses. But young Cal, a "millionaire" on $18 a week, scorns financial assistance from the President. He doesn't even make a plea for a bigger allowance.

It was raining when he wrote, so he didn't have to work, he said. Other days he is up at dawn, pedaling away on the bicycle that carries him to work. From sunrise till dusk he stoops to his task. Then pedals home to bed.

"Ed Baker and I took our bicyles," he wrote, "and went job hunting." They landed with Dickerman & Day in Hatfield, Mass.

Likes His Work.

"They're fine people," Cal tells his mother, "and I like working for them.

"All the boys are at home except Richard Brown, and he's away at Summer school." (Richard is the son of the Coolidges' family physician at Northampton.)

Cal's letter was brief. Perhaps it stopped raining, and he had to go back to work. It ended abruptly with a frantic appeal—

"I like the job. I want to stick to it. Please let me stay."

Baseball Being Used to Curb Radicalism

Mexican property owners in the Yucatan district are organizing to oppose the increase of socialistic tendencies in the population there by instituting baseball teams. The idea is said to be that of giving youths of the province some ideas about play and physical self-development.

GERMAN PRESS SCORNS OFFERS

Government Holds Out for Demands Allies Will Not Accept.

President Harding's death was a one-day feature in the German press, which now has turned its chief attention back to reparations and the domestic situation, particularly the latter.

Although it is evident that the British program has not the slightest chance of acceptance the government feels called upon to register its unwillingness to submit even to these moderate proposals.

The slogan given out to the press and backed by a statement from the Ruhr is the Hungarian "No! No! Never!"

The necessity of holding out until New Year's day is being preached to the people through the press inspired by the government but all will depend upon the success of the new financial program, particularly upon the subscription to the gold loan.

If funds can be raised to finance the struggle, well and good, but if the gold loan is as big a failure as the dollar loan was, if property interests succeed in sabotaging attempts to collect adequate taxes from them, and if the Reichsbank cannot put an end to the present system of discounting commercial paper at one rate and receiving repayment of loans in money with only a fraction of that lent, there is no telling what may happen.

The Socialists in the Reichstag caucus have turned down the proposals of the Radicals to overthrow the Cuno government, but have made it plain to the administration dependent on the cabinet's ability and willingness to put through a more adequate program of taxation on the propertied classes.

The scheme as announced by the government with merely a doubling of the income tax for business men as compared with the June rates while wage earners and salaried men already are paying several times as much will not go. It must have payments adequately adjusted to the depreciation of the mark.

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Woman Lays Posy On Harding Coffin

An old woman—bent almost double with age, wiped away the tears that ran down her wrinkled cheeks.

"You won't let me put my posy on his coffin?" she quavered. "They let me when McKinley was dead. And when McKinley lay here I came with my flowers. I've brought blossoms for them from my little garden. Please let me leave a rose with Mr. Harding. It bloomed this morning for him."

The military guard stepped aside and the old woman dropped the flower on the casket.

CHARITY SHARES IN HUGE ESTATE

Mrs. McCormick Names Many Organizations in Her Will.

Schools and churches received more than $1,000,000 of the $8,696,000 estate of Mrs. Nettie Fowler McCormick, widow of Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the reaper, the executors announced in making public a synopsis of Mrs. McCormick's will.

The three children, Cyrus Hall McCormick, Anita McCormick Blaine and Harold Fowler McCormick, each will receive $2,579,860, sharing equally in the money not given to charity.

Among the larger bequests of the will the Washington and Tusculum college, Tusculum, Tenn.; Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and the Chicago Home for Incurables each will receive $100,000 and the Thorn Well orphanage of Clinton, S. C., Children's Memorial hospital of Chicago, Huron college of Huron, S. D., and the Presbyterian hospital of Chicago each will receive $50,000.

In addition, in accordance with the expressed wishes of Mrs. McCormick, the executors will make bequests of $100,000 to Oliver Institute building fund, the International Y. M. C. A. for pension purposes, another $100,000 to the International Y. M. C. A. for foreign work and $50,000 to the McCormick Theological seminary for a gymnasium.

CAPITAL SHOWS ITS GRIEF FOR HONORED DEAD IN SAD PAGEANT

Continued From Page One

weighed heavily on the lame, white-faced war chieftain.

There was the general of all the armies—John J. Pershing, powerful and soldierly looking astride his nervous mount. There were saddened members of the cabinet, four of whom had been with their president when he sickened and died on the far west coast; there were justices of the supreme court, solemn looking in their official garb; stricken members of the senate, who had served with him in his tempetuous days before he had reached his high place; members of the house of representatives, soldiers, wearing on their breasts the medals of honor; veterans of all the wars America has engaged in for a century past; newspaper correspondents and personal friends, who accompanied the dead President on his ill-starred journey to Alaska, and who watched anxiously during the long, fateful hours at San Francisco that saw his passing.

Endless Lanes of Sorrow.

All these were there—and more, to follow the black caisson with its flag draped burden through the endless lanes of sorrowing people.

Promptly on the stroke of 10 o'clock an expectant hush seemed to fall over the central part of the city. The great throngs that for hours had been clustering about the White House grounds grew suddenly still. There was only the restless stamping of the horses waiting in front of the mansion and in the surrouning streets.

Then there was a crunching of gravel as six smooth chestnut horses swept up the great rounded drive to the main entrance of the mansion. They drew a grim, black, polished artillery caisson on which from time immemorial heroes have ridden to their last long sleep.

Out on the still air of the morning there floated to the street stirring strains of the President's call from a lone bugler.

Inside the great East room of the White House, where in normal times the tourists flock by day and at night there are brilliant social functions, a dozen stalwart service men, grave faced, stepped forward to the center of the room.

There on a catafalque, squarely beneath the great glass chandelier, rested the metalled flag-draped casket. Tenderly they lifted it, and slowly they treaded their way across the glazed floor, through the wide portals and across the broad piazza where the restless horses champed and pawed.

Somewhere in the distance the army band softly broke into Chopin's march, weirdly beautiful, and conveying something of the matchless majesty of death.

Death March Begins.

The actual start of the cavalcade of sorrow came at 10:17 A. M., more than a quarter of an hour late. The delay was caused by the labors of the military pallbearers in strapping the flag draped casket to the caisson. With the crunch of wheels on the gravel roadway, the cavalcade swung slowly down through the executive grounds and into the historic avenue.

There was a momentary halt as the procession swung into the broad bosom of the avenue.

Then the lead was taken by John J. Pershing, astride "Jeff," his famous mount. Following close behind came his staff, the metal of the horses' shoes beating a sharp staccato on the pavement as they swung into movement.

Then came the army band, with the low noted dirge, then three squadrons of clattering cavalry, and following these the heavier, more ponderous artillery. The infantry followed and then the engineers, the marines and the blue jackets, finally a battalion of the National Guard, and soon the avenue was reverberating to the cadences of marching troops and horses.

Caisson Enters Line.

the procession started from the White House, Mrs. Harding was prevailed upon to avoid the ordeal of driving slowly down the avenue in the funeral cortege. Accordingly, he [illegible] slipped [illegible] cession, and, guarded by outriders of police and secret service men, taken direct to the capitol. There she solemnly awaited the arrival of the funeral party.

The caisson, with its sad burden, was halted for a few moments within the grounds while members of the official party were entering their cars. The President and Mrs. Coolidge followed the party of Harding relatives and then came the two former Presidents of the republic, who came to pay a solemn homage to the man who followed them into the White House. Former President and Mrs. William Howard Taft came first and in the next car former President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

The Harding cabinet, with the exception of two members now in Europe, came next, followed by representatives of every recognized government on earth, all of whom sent their representatives to revere the memory of the lost President.

Supreme Court Justice.

Justices of the supreme court came next, with the legislative branch of the government following. Scores of senators and several hundred representatives were in line followed by governors from many of the states. The federal judiciary and the assistant cabinet secretaries entered the official party.

The civic division came next, with a hundred patriotic, civic, fraternal and professional organizations in line, each represented by a delegation of 10 mourners. These, in order, included:

Mexican War Veterans, Grand Army of the Republic, United Confederate Veterans, Indian War Veterans' societies, Veterans of the Spanish-American war, Military Order of Foreign Wars, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Military Order of the World war.

Disabled American Veterans of the World War, American Legion, World War Veterans, American Red Cross, Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, Sons of the American Revolution, Order of the Cincinnati and Veterans of Colonial Wars, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of Union Veterans, Knights Templar, Knights of Pythias, other Masonic organizations, Salvation Army, Young Men's Christian Association, Knights of Columbus and Jewish Welfare board.

American Library Association, Overseas Service League, Red Cross Overseas Service League, National Disabled Soldiers' League, Women's Overseas Service League, American Defense Society, Allied Patriotic Societies, Military Training Camp Associations and the Army and Navy Union.

Grand Armies of America, National War Mothers, Georgetown University cadets, Washington High School cadets, Boy Scouts of America, Boy Scouts of Canada, Women's Relief Corps and Department of the Potomac.

Americanization School Association, Junior Order United American Mechanics, Department of Potomac Spanish War Veterans, Women's National Republican club and Women's Department National Civic Federation.

Delegation from Cavalry Baptist church, the late President's place of worship.

A group of 100 prominent Washington business men concluded the funeral cortege.

Gasoline World Hit by Gas Suit

Half the gasoline production of the world is affected by the $500,000,000 suit of the Universal Oil Co. against the Standard Oil Co., of Indiana, it was said in the hearing of evidence in the suit before Federal Judge Holmes Hall of Sedalia, Mo., at Santa Maria, Calif.

The Universal Oil Co. contends the Standard Oil Co. has infringed on its patents in refining gasoline. The process in the litigation was invented by J. A. Dubbs, a Santa Maria man, and the first plant to use the process was built at Santa Maria in 1600, [illegible] erected in 1923.

EAST SUFFERS LABOR SCARCITY

White-Collared Man Is Not Commanding Biggest Pay at Present.

"Help wanted."

This is the cry of the East.

From Burling Slip, on New York's water front, through the upstate farm country and into the mill towns of Pennsylvania, labor—any kind at all—has a market approaching the heydey of war times.

Twenty-five of the largest employment agenies in New York gave this as their experience.

But, say these employers of labor, 1923 is the year of the "stoop back profession." It is the laborer who is making the "big money." The white-collar man is not doing so well, comparatively.

"Every man and woman in the United States can be working today—there is no unemployment problem," William J. Gallagher, in charge of the Knights of Columbus employment bureau said.

Tradesmen Get Offer.

Gallagher had calls for 51 bricklayers at $13.50 an eight hour day; 38 carpenters at $9; 14 plumbers at $9; 17 plasterers at $12; all the common labor he can supply at from $7.50 to $9.00; all the motor mechanics he can find at 74 cents an hour, with an offer of $400 a year bonus if the man will stay on the job 12 months.

E. J. Rowan, placing only college trained men, exhibited his list. Six civil engineers, $200 to $325 a month; three electrical engineers $200 to $220; nine mechanical engineers, $225 to $250.

Others in touch with the employment situation said:

Housemaids in Demand.

Sister Mary Sebastian, in charge of the home for Irish immigrant girls: "Maids, dining room girls and servants for private homes command $40 a month. Experience unnecessary. We have 10 jobs to one girl seeking employment."

Charles P. McDermitt, specialist in hotel help: "Heaven help the hotel man. Jobs are open at prices ranging from $40 a month for bus boys to as high at $100, with room and board."

Miss Grace Houston, supplying stenographers, bookkeepers and secretaries: "I have five jobs to one girl, at wages ranging from $18 a week for beginners to positions commanding as high as $350 a month."

Henry H. Curran, commissioner of immigration: "I believe cooking is the best profession for women today. I have had hundreds of calls for girls who can cook, directed to me by New York housewives. Wages of $150 a month with room and board are not uncommon."

Work for Chorus Girls.

Henry G. Berg, employer for large theatrical producers: "We have many vacancies for chorus girls. We pay from $25 to $75 a week."

Don D. Ward, superintendent of the farm bureau: "The upstate farmer cannot harvest thousands of acres of wheat because of labor shortage. Men won't look at $60 a month and board."

Employment agents generally estimate that there are at least two jobs for every man in this part of the country today.

"My Rheumatism is gone—"

THERE are thousands of you men and women, just like I once was—slaves to rheumatism, muscle pains, joint pains, and horrible stiffness. I had the wrong idea about rheumatism for years. I didn't realize that increasing blood-cells had the effect of completely knocking out rheumatic impurities from the system. That is why I began using S. S. S.! Today I have the strength I used to have years ago! I don't use my crutches any more." S. S. S. makes people talk about themselves the way it builds up their strength. Start S. S. S. today for that rheumatism. You'll feel the difference shortly.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

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RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

SPEED OF THE DAY—A Preacher Hits 'Em.

In the Ohio Journal of Commerce is a review of a sermon given by the Rev. Irving Maurer of the First Congregational church of Columbus. We know that sermons like this are worth going to hear.

Some of us may not want to be reminded of our shortcomings, but most of us ought to be reminded. Most of us ought to heed some of this good advice. Tell your self that you find the best things in life. Here it is:

Speed, breakdown of home ties, loneliness, materialism, selfishness, standardization. These are the evil rules to 'beautiful living.'

To live fast, work fast, talk fast, play fast, and feel fast, means a loss of beautiful living. We live under great tension. We always are coming somewhere. Somebody ought to take time to ask what all this hurry is for. We have no time to read enough literature. We eat too fast. We crowd together into a mob of hurrying, gulping individuals, all because everybody else is doing the same thing. If we work so that all our own leisure and pleasure are gone, and if those whose needs we are trying to meet are themselves hurrying to satisfy our own needs, does this not mean we are all losing opportunity for living. We become more interested in speed than in where we are going.

One of the gravest sins of the day is the breakdown of home ties. Few homes have libraries save for ornamental purposes. Music is of the canned variety. We drop into movies because the cheapness of vaudeville songs. Whist tables are more in evidence than prayerbooks, automobiles are more popular than babies, bath rooms are more numerous than churches. There are beautiful homes everywhere, but not so much beautiful living. Fathers and mothers are more interested in careers than in children; young people are old in worldliness; children are indulged with a riot of luxury to cover over the lack of real parental care.

"Beautiful living also means having a genuine religion. The man who loses reverence in the presence of life, who looks at his world as if it were the biggest thing in it, who looks humanity, who has no expectancy in his heart for the coming of one far greater than himself, has lost an element of beautiful living.

"Religion involves prayer and faith. Prayer is a beautiful living. It is an individual to come into a purposeful relation with all life, to review himself in the light of a larger goodness, to reach up after God, is more beautiful than any flower that ever bloomed. And for a man to pass through the disillusionments which border every path and still press forward, maintain faith in goodness and believe love is the way of life, all this has to do with beautiful living, and is perfectly possible in a modern world."

ONE RADIO LANGUAGE—May Be Used by All.

What would you Dutch and Irish think if all at once your radio outfit commenced to talk in French and Italian?

This has happened and may happen again. Now the question comes shall we adopt one language for radio use throughout the world? If so, what language shall it be? Can we agree? Will we have to fight a war to decide?

This radio is coming to every home. It's only a question of time. It will be as universal and useful as the telephone and the auto. Our forefathers had questions that kept them busy. So have we.

A GOOD ROAD TALE—Tax and Save Gasoline.

Can you save gasoline by taxing it? Yes and no. If you tax it at so much a gallon you will have better roads and can travel more miles per gallon. But if you have good roads, you are sure to travel more miles, perhaps twice as many. Here is a story which we clip from the Gazette, a farm paper:

"The article on 'Paved Roads in Arizona' and the editorial on 'Returns from Paved Roads, Roads,' in the Gazette of March 8, the optimistic and pessimistic viewpoints.

"A few years ago I heard a speaker at a Colorado Grange meeting advocate a large bond issue to build roads. He said that the saving in gasoline, tires and repairs on vehicles would pay for the bonds in 20 years.

"I drove an automobile from Colorado to California last October. I made an average of 19 miles to the gallon of gasoline for the 2,000 miles to the California line. From there on for 1,000 miles on paved California highways, I averaged 29 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

"In Colorado gasoline is taxed one cent a gallon to help pay for the maintenance of highways. California is considering a similar tax. It is predicted that the daily gasoline requirements in California next Summer will total 2,000,000 gallons, which, if taxed one cent a gallon, would return $20,000 daily for road purposes. This is an equitable way to raise a road fund. Only those who own automobiles and trucks would pay the tax and their saving in gasoline, wear and tear, would more than repay them."—Dave McMurdo, Napa Co., Cal.

ORGANIZE PRODUCTION—Now Is the Time.

We have long been hearing talk about orderly and organized marketing to protect prices on farm crops. This remedy seems to have failed to cure the patient.

Why not let the farmer use the same system that other business men and manufacturers use, namely, organized and orderly production?

Surplus of crops will always be dangerous to the farmer's welfare. No matter how many high-brow, smart-set conferences are held to talk about the farmer's happiness and prosperity it will be just talk, unless the farmer has sense enough to organize his production of staple crops so as to avoid the surplus danger.

The farmer who is growing special crops instead of putting a large number of acres into wheat and corn, is making some money if he has mastered his marketing problems.

Will the day come when the organizer will tell the farmer how many acres he is allotted for corn or for wheat or for potatoes, or for cotton or tobacco?

Rural Welfare editor lives in a section where sugar beets are grown. Contracts are signed up by each farmer for so many acres of beets. The factory knows what price it can guarantee. It may be able to pay a bonus. If sugar beet farmers can get a good crop yield they know when they plant the seed that they will get a profit price.

This sugar beet game is a case of organized production. Every beet that grows is taken care of. There is no surplus. There is no ruinous prices and lost labor. It is a case of sense and cents.

Why not get our county farm bureau folks started along these lines in growing other crops? If this plan is salvation for sugar beets why not make it contagious and let other crops enjoy the blessing of orderly and organized production?

A LEGUME SCHOOL—Extension Worker Reports.

We had a talk with an extension worker of a certain state university. He is among the farmers most of his time. He has a message of better farming for them.

He finds many farmers failing to grow clover, soy beans, alfalfa or other legume crops that will pump nitrogen back into the soil which grain crops have pumped out of the field.

He reports holding a legume school in a certain community at which more than a score of farmers attended, listened and asked many questions about sour soil, the signs of sour and acid dirt and the cure for such conditions.

He had asked a manufacturer of agricultural implements to bring samples to the meeting. He had asked farmers to bring several samples of their soil from each field which they desired to have tested. One sample of dirt is not enough to correctly test a field of several acres.

A big interest was taken in the tests. Practically every sample of soil was found to be acid, which accounted for the failure of clover to "catch" when sown on these sour fields.

This university worker reports that within two weeks after this school was held, that over 200 tons of raw, pulverized limestone had been ordered by farmers who attended this legume school.

Many applications are being received for such schools in other communities. In this way the state can do real service to the farmer. Seeing is believing.

Every farmer present at this meeting agreed that it was a half day well spent and they wondered why they had not taken an interest in these tests and schools long ago. They will never again sow clover seed or other legume seed on sour dirt. It does not pay.

Ask your county agent to try to get such a school for your community. You help pay the expense of these extension workers, so that you might as well try to get your share of their services for yourself.

DO IT THIS WAY—Ice Cream and Church.

Here is a roundabout way of giving money to the church:

Mother—"Where did you get that dime?"

Gladys—"That's the one you gave me to put in the collection at church."

Mother—"Then why didn't you do it?"

Gladys—"Why, I thought I'd buy ice cream with it and let the ice cream man give it to the church."

Is it not a fact that many of us satisfy all our desires and our appetites before we give our dues to the church? Is it not a fact that we put the church at the foot of the list of the duties we know that we should attend to?

Is it not a fact that the church has the dry rot? Is it not a sad story to admit that the church is last instead of near the top of our chief concerns?

Never before have folks spent so much money for appetite and entertainment as we are doing now. We are increasing this habit rather than putting on the brakes.

We better stop, look and listen. The day is coming when we will need the church more than the church will need us. The church has been our friend through centuries. The movie and ice cream soda shops are new inventions and do not help bury us. Think it over.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE—New Kind of Wedding.

"It was a patriotic wedding."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, the bride was red, the groom was white, and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue."

How many brides marry just to get a man, whether he has a job, or money enough to buy half the furniture to go to housekeeping?

How many parents wait too long before giving son or daughter some wholesome advice about marriage? There are about as many dunce marriages as there are dunces.

Marriage is a mighty serious matter. Only a few folks have ever measured the full weight and importance of this great step in life. It is one of the great chapters in life of birth, marriage and death.

Choosing a life partner means hell or happiness. Joy or sorrow. It means a life wasted or a life worth living. It means a lot of worry for father and mother or it means a pride and delight to them as to how their son or daughter hitches up.

If the daughter is compelled to return home because a worthless husband has failed to provide for her as he should, or has abused her by misconduct or unfaithfulness, then the parents will awaken to the fact that they ought to have had some common sense before the marriage was made.

BARLEY FOR HOGS—Raw, Soaked or Ground.

Barley is good hog feed. There are different ways of feeding it. Raw, soaked or ground. Ground barley gives the best results and the most money for each bushel.

Several state experiment stations have made extensive tests of this feed as to the best way to let hogs have it.

At the Nebraska station the experiment showed that soaking barley actually decreased its value as a hog feed. Oklahoma station proved the same thing.

The Wisconsin station proved that it took 40 per cent more barley to get the same results as the dry ground barley would get. The cost of grinding is well paid for in better results.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE—Bob Burdette Talks.

When Bob Burdette, famous writer and lecturer, was nearing the end of a long life he often found himself musing about the world to come. When his clock of life pointed half-past six in the evening, Bob was looking at the evening sunset.

Bob had traveled all over the world. He knew the geography of this earth. He did not know as much about the next world. Here is what he said while watching a sunset and thinking about his own rapidly passing days. Here it is:

"I watch the sunset as I look over the rim of the blue Pacific, and there is no mystery beyond the horizon line because I know what there is over there. I have been there, I have journeyed in those lands. Over there where the sun is shining in Japan. That star is rising over China. In that direction lie the Philippines. I know all that. Well, there is another land that I look toward as I watch the sunset. I have never seen it. I have never seen anyone that has been there, but it has a more abiding quality than any of these lands that I know. This land beyond the sunset, this land of immortality, this far and blessed country of the soul—why, this heaven of ours is the one thing in the world which I know with absolute, unshaken, unchangeable certainty. This I know with a knowledge that is never shadowed by a passing cloud of doubt. I may not always be certain about this world; my geographical relations may sometimes be confused.

"But the other world—that I know. And as the afternoon sun sinks lower, faith shines more clearly, and hope, lifting her voice in the higher key, sings the song of fruition. My work is about ended, I think. The best of it I have done poorly. Any of it I might have done better. But I have done it, and in a fairer land with finer materials and a better working light, I will do better work."

THE ROAD BRIDGE—Is It the Right Kind?

Since travel on highways has increased to such large proportions we are all taking more interest in our roads. Often when we hear of accidents it is at a bridge, top of hill or at a curve.

Many of the old-time bridges were built to take care of wagon and buggy travel. The bridge is narrow. It may not be strong enough for safety for big trucks and tractors to pass over.

We sometimes wait for an accident and perhaps death and damage to serve notice before we do the things that we know ought to be done for the sake of safety to all who travel our roads.

Our main roads are being safeguarded, but many of our by-roads have bridges that need attention. Many tourists are now leaving the main travel routes to escape the crowd. They find some of the roads that are not so crowded.

Henry Ford pours a half billion dollars' worth of flivvers in our roads every year. Other auto and truck manufacturers are pouring a big stream of new money vehicles annually.

The road improvement program does not begin to keep up with our increase in travel. We have a surplus crop of wheat, but we do not have and have never had a surplus crop of roads that were good every day of the year for all kinds of travel.

Give notice by a signboard of the approach to every bridge where there might be a possible danger. There ought to be a law to slow down when nearing bridges. We must make public travel safe for all.

NIGHT ROAD DRIVING—Habit Will Increase.

Yes, we have to use the public highways day and night. The roads are long enough but not wide enough to take care of all the travel that now goes over them. The night season is used by travelers.

Many who use the roads regularly in business or travel find that it is safer and more pleasant to drive at night than it is to drive during the day. There is less jam on the road. There is less dust. There is less haste and liability of accident.

The roads are usually so well marked and blazed that the traveler has no fear of getting lost. The curves of the road have been widened out and danger signs for curves and bridges so that with the powerful headlights the road driver can find his way as well and as safely at night as in the day.

What a mighty change of roads and travel since my grandfather's day. Yes, it costs money to live today, but it is worth every cent of it.

TRAGEDY WAS THERE—Where the Road Turns.

Our Kathrine is dead. Where the road turns the automobile overturns. Kathrine was hurt. Two hours later, at home, she died.

Eighteen young folks had a sunset luncheon near a country church, some four miles from their home. On the return trip, in the twilight, the tragedy came.

Our family circle is broken. One son and seven daughters have made up our fireside when all were there. Our Kathrine was next to the youngest. She was in her sixteenth year.

We hear and read and talk about Death, but we do not know its full force and meaning until a loved one leaves the home. No one returns from the silence of eternity.

In our home Kathrine was our angel. She was a good example for all of us to follow. Service and kindness made her light shine brightly.

She was our flower girl. She had her garden where she grew them. When tidings of her death went out the flowers came in mass. It was a fitting tribute to a pure and gentle soul.

Henry Ward Beecher has so well said: "A flower is the most beautiful thing God ever made into which He forgot to put a soul." As we looked upon that death room scene and saw her surrounded by color and fragrance, the thought came to us that perhaps even flowers have a soul when in companionship with such kindly girl as ours.

For a long time Rural Welfare editor has had a dread of the automobile. Its toll is great. We have had to contribute our portion.

Hosts of friends tried to lessen the burden we had to bear. The mother who loved her, perhaps the most, stood the test better than I. It is not the first time that woman has been brave when man was weak.

Friends are like stars—they shine in the night. The many helping hands that came to us proves this to be true.

We want here to express the hope and prayer that our readers may never have the tragic experience in their home as we have had in ours. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." We will try to push the gloom away and still have faith that all is well.

At the funeral, our boyhood friend, now a Methodist minister, read the following tribute which we have written from the pages of the life she had lived:

"She attended the Presbyterian church and was a worker with the Girl Scouts. She was an earnest student and ready to enter her second year of high school.

"With simple faith, Kathrine believed there was good in everybody. She had nearly reached the boundary line where childhood blossoms into womanhood.

"Then, when hope was high; when youth was at its peak; when life was sweet; when the way seemed safe and the day was fair, the Grim Reaper came and called her, at harvest time.

"Inside the walls of home, Kathrine was a blessing and a message of a higher, better, nobler life. She won happiness by doing things for others, often to the point of self-denial and sacrifice to herself.

"No child of parents ever more lived the rule of 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' than did this queenly, loving daughter—Kathrine.

"Within our family-fold, in meek and modest way of always giving service to others, she gained and held a gentle sway of power, which God gives only to those whom He loves and chooses to work out His will and His way.

"She loved so well her home, her folks, her friends and flowers. A family circle is broken. A chair is vacant. A voice is still. A hand has vanished. A garment is not worn. A step that never comes again. Hearts ache and break and souls long for the one who is away.

"Her leaving multiplies our hope and faith that there is a life beyond the grave, where, we too, when our race is run, may have a place, and there meet, again, the one whom we loved so well—our Kathrine.

"On this last day, 'mid a wilderness of flowers and a host of friends, she, of our flesh and blood, seems to us so beautiful and so grand in her quiet sleep, that we cannot say 'Good-bye.'

"But from the depths of saddened hearts we will say, 'Good-Night, Kathrine, we will see you in the morning.' —Her Father."

WILL YOU DO IT—Try a Milk Julep.

Since the old mint julep days have passed into history it is right and proper that we invent new drinks and then imbibe them.

Here is a recipe for a new drink that is easily made and is worth more than any booze beverage ever invented. This julep will add to health and to strength of all who get on the outside of it.

Here is the rule:

Try a milk julep these hot days: three-quarters of a glass of milk, two tablespoons of chocolate syrup, and an egg, mixed in a shaker. Fruit syrup may be substituted for the chocolate.

WEST FEEDS THE EAST—Who Has the Edge?

"The East is making money. The West is going to the poorhouse. The East has the tariff to make it prosperous. The West has the high freight rates to make bankruptcy. The West must feed the East. We are entitled to hold the edge in this game of work and eat. We do not have it. The West works long hours and loses money. The East works short hours and makes money. How long must we let politics ruin us?"

This is the war a Middle-West farmer, banker, stock feeder hands out a piece of his mind. We do not know his politics. He may be like a lot of other folks who have been losing their party prejudices in recent years.

We had never thought of the East and West in just this way before. No doubt if someone from the East would think over this matter, he or she would present the East's side of the case just as well as this westerner has his.

DO YOU BELIEVE IT—Are Salaried Folks Dangerous?

As taxes go up and the farm income decreases we simply got to blame the thing onto somebody. We must talk. We got to get it out of our system and have it over with.

We have just read in a country newspaper a big kick made by the editor about county officers and school teachers being the cause of running up expenses and increasing taxes.

If teachers get too much money it is because the people have voted to give them the salary they draw. If the county official is getting more pay than he ought to have, it is because the legislature of your state voted to give him or her this salary.

No county official ever fixes his own salary. He sometimes asks for a raise, is glad if he gets it. If your teacher is getting big pay, it is because your home school board and your state law makers fixed the salary. The teacher did not do it.

FREE FROM T. B.—Fourteen Counties in U. S.

The United States announces that there are now 14 counties in the United States actually free from tuberculosis among its live stock animals.

This is a mighty small showing, but it is a start. This dread disease should be controled. It is a menace to the great live stock interests of our nation and to our health.

Every newspaper ought to urge and encourage the eradication of this disease. As a rule farmers kick on quarantine measures and do not always obey orders.

Commission men and live stock local buyers have not always taken the right side of these quarantine and other eradication measures.

State legislatures have appropriated money to pay part of the value of diseased animals slaughtered under orders of public officers.

Clean up tuberculosis both in the human and the brute.

"THERE WAS A MAN"

The International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 19 Is, "Stephen the Martyr"—Acts 6:8-15; 7:54-60.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

MEN bestow offices and titles and decorations upon those they deem great; and life laughs at them as she lifts into real greatness the untitled, the unlettered, the unofficial and the disregarded. God Himself seems to smile at the choice of conclaves and councils. The Mother Church in Jerusalem solemnly set aside, as a subordinate official, a sort of second rater, a mere business man, fit only to do work that was beneath the dignity and powers of the apostles, a certain disciple named Stephen—who straightway proved himself more of a man than three-fourths of the apostles themselves! As preacher, controversialist, executive, saint, hero and martyr this lowly deacon takes a front rank place in the long history of the Christian church.

It is not usually the school prodigies, the favorite young men of promise, the privileged sons and the accomplished youths, who ultimately do the great deeds and make the great names. God appears to delight in choosing the lowly, the obscure and the humble for the accomplishment of His greater works in the world. Count the foremost men of our day, the real leaders who are exercising a shaping influence upon the time and behold how few of them come up by way of special privilege. It is the quality of the individual; the fullness of his spirit; that really determines greatness. This man Stephen, who for symmetry of character and work challenges the admiration and emulation, may be designated as a "full" man—he was "full of faith and of the Holy Spirit;" "full of grace and power;" full of courage; full of knowledge of the Bible; full of magnanimity; full of a sense of his mission; full of mental equipment and full of real godliness. With all his piety, he was what we nowadays call "a man's man!"

A Straight Man Amidst Crooks.

According to old-fashioned Sunday school books, such a rare and good man as Stephen should have been loved by everybody. Life, however, is not shaped on the plan of this sort of literature. The genuinely good person, if he is at all a vital force, is a standing arraignment of the evil; he is bound to be disliked simply because he is good—although it is not wholesome for the good person to get to thinking that way; he would better meditate upon his own imperfections. Stephen was not self-centered; he was busy with good words and good works; he was a minister of mercy to men. In the rapid growth of the new Christian church he was a powerful factor. He healed, he helped, he taught, he succored.

Nevertheless, he was hated. What a blow to the jejune philosophy of sweetness and light! From all quarters, opposition ringed this saintly man about; from the Jews of Egypt, of Cyrene, of Cilicia, of Roman Asia, antagonism arose. Stephen's words and deeds were publicly challenged. But he had grit as well as grace; brains as well as benevolence, and in the public debates he confounded all his adversaries. So they followed the old, old fashion, which the newest bully of the playground practices as he cries, "Well, I can lick you, anyway!" When these enemies of goodness and truth could not prevail in fair debates, they resorted to falsehood and force. That is the way "practical politicians" still do; they defame the character of even the most honorable opponent; so that many good men fear to enter politics vigorously.

One big idea that should be got across to young people from the Stephen story is that to be good—robustly, heartily, fearlessly, helpfully good—is to incur enmity. By doing right (which is a better way of expressing it than to speak of being good) one is likely to be visited by unpopularity and downright opposition and misrepresentation. It is even remotely possible that one may suffer a sort of martyrdom. All of this is part of the price of serving God and truth and one's own soul; but the service is worth what it costs. It would be a poor, slack, spineless creature who would turn his back on righteousness for fear of consequences to himself. The pursuit of the will of God is so sublime a duty that the incidental possibility of enduring hardship or even death is not to be so much as thought of by a stalwart soul. It was not until he had been made a prisoner and a martyr that Stephen became an immortal figure in history, and a heartener of brave men and women throughout the ages.

The Shining Face.

Superstitious men sometimes carry a rabbit's foot for luck; many women carry a rabbit's foot to powder their noses. The shining face is not in vogue in the western world; although the East of the Bible and of today anoints itself with oil and prizes the shining skin. It may seem cynical to declare that even the type of shining face which Stephen wore when his foes haled him before the judges—the outward shining of an inner light—is not fashionable nowadays. Rouge has taken the place of religion with some women. It is more popular to look sophisticated and worldly-wise and hard than it is to seem sweet and gentle and holy. If an observer formed his standards only by what he sees on the streets of the big cities of Europe and America he might think that as a beautifier the spiritual life had been largely supplanted by the professional "beauty doctors" and dealers in cosmetics. Of course, this would be an inadequate judgment. A few evenings ago I looked in upon a score of young men and women, new missionaries gathered in a school for the study of Arabic, up here in the Lebanon mountains, overlooking the Mediterranean, and one and all they wore the Stephen-luster on their faces. Holiness is still doing its ancient work with the features of countless men and women.

Once, before he became a professional politician, a friend told me that "Every man is responsible for his face at fifty." Now that he has become a high officeholder, he himself, alas, seems to be losing the fine expression of fitness and nobility which he used to wear; and is taking on the puffiness and the hard lines that so commonly characterize the politician. It is the heart that engraves character upon the features; only a good man, free from self-consciousness and full of love, can acquire the benignity that every Christian owes the world. Stephen's face shown like an angel's at the very moment when a baser man's would have been painted with terror. In a crisis one's true character unconsciously reveals itself; Stephen, like Moses, "wist not that his face shone." If he had known the fact, he would have been aprig and a pharisee; indeed, his looks would have lost their light.

Standing Up for the Truth.

So Stephen had to stand up on the identical spot, before the very same judges who had a short time before tried his Master. How the disciple's heart must have thrilled at the privilege! Is it any wonder that his defense was so masterful?

This testimony of Stephen probes us with the query as to how good a defense of our faith we could make, on an instant's notice, if called upon to do so. Is it not true that in common conversation and in public discussion the case of Christianity, and of all the good causes, such as missions or temperance and prohibition, which are its fruits, are often allowed to go by default simply because Christians lack skill and courage in witness bearing? Practical polemics is an art that needs reviving. Let us train the boys and girls in the Stephen gift of standing up intelligently and fearlessly for the truth. Our age badly needs more men and women of conviction.

"Truth is the highest thing a man can keep," runs the old saying. To testify to the truth, and especially to the truth of the moral nature of God and of religion, in our own slack day, is a mission that is in true succession to that of Stephen. Observe the lack of vagueness in his address. He recounted Scripture, correctly, logically, forcefully; and showed that all the dealings of mankind with God have been directed toward the fullness of revelation in His son, Christ Jesus. Only a man saturated with the Bible could deliver such an address.

Fury and Gnashing Teeth.

Consequences followed the straight and Bible-burdened talk of Stephen. He did not leave his message up in the air. Directly into the teeth of the blind and bigoted persecutors whose prisoner he was he hurled the truth that they were disloyal Jews, true heirs of faithless fathers, and themselves betrayers and murderers. Listen to the sizzling scorn, the lash and the bite of these words, with which Stephen ended his speech:

"O stiff-necked men, uncircumsized in heart and ears, you also are continually at strife with the Holy Spirit — just as your forefathers were. Which of the prophets did not your forefathers persecute? Yes, they killed those who announced beforehand the advent of the righteous One, whose betrayers and murderers you have now become—you who received the Law given through angels, and yet have not obeyed it."

Then followed the riot. The English version scarcely gives the force of the description that follows. Yelling, frothing, spluttering, gnashing their teeth, crying out imprecations, holding their ears, the crowd piled upon Stephen and dragged him over the pavements with kicks and blows, out of the temple enclosure and beyond the city wall, where they could give full expression to their fury. They were too pious to violate the sanctities of the temple, but not too pious to do foul and bloody murder! As soon as they got their victim outside of the gate they began stoning him. Great rabbis, dignified business men, lawyers and officials joined with the rabble in hurling stones at this first martyr of the Christian faith.

Death by stoning is a horrible thing to contemplate. Three words the doomed man spoke. First, before he left the temple area he looked with rapt face into heaven itself; and cried, ecstatically, "I can see Heaven wide open, and the Son of Man standing at God's right hand!" Even in heaven Jesus could not sit on His kingly throne while His servant was in such trial; but He needs must stand and look, with strength-giving compassion and sympathy. He understood; for the Master Himself had undergone what His servant was now enduring.

Fallen on his face, bleeding from a score of cruel wounds, with his clothing torn and dirty and almost at the last gasp, Stephen cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Then, with a final struggle, amidst the death-storm of hate-hurled missles he struggled to his knees, and, like his Lord upon the cross, he cried, "Lord, do not reckon this sin against them!" Ah, that was love, and the vindication of Christ's power! Well could the narrative close, "With these words he fell asleep."

Spring Spiritual Sons.

That was not the end. Force may kill a man, but never a cause. Despite the clear teaching of the centuries stupid statesmen are still trying to repress the manifestations of new life in the world by mere killings. They acclaim the airplane, the armored car, the machine gun and even poison gas as new and efficacious methods of dealing with native "risings;" whereas the use of these very agencies since the war has done more to embitter the East against the West than any other cause. Martyrs always have a whole brood of children and heirs. No quotation is commoner or truer than that "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church." Out of Stephen's martyrdom arose the great persecution that scattered the Gospel everywhere over the ancient world.

One spiritual son, Stephen, sired on this occasion. A young man named Saul of Tarsus, a scholar and an aristocrat, too haughty to join the mob's mad work of stone throwing, guarded the outer garments of the most zealous of the murderers. He saw the ordeal; he heard the words of Stephen. That whole scene was forever graven upon his sensitive mind. Without it, he doubtless never would have become a Christian or the chief of Christ's servants on earth. By dying, Stephen bequeathed a Saul to the Church. It is possible for true servant of Christ to become the spiritual progenitor of greater Christians than himself.

Of course, it was worth any man's dying to accomplish such results as Stephen effected. Short-sightedly, we mourn over the Christians slain in Russia by the Bolsheviks; forgetting that they are already becoming the means of the creation of a new and nobler Russia wherein Christianity may find a free expression. All who died for God mark the way for those who would walk with God. "Follow after! Follow after! For the harvest is sown;
By the bones along the wayside, ye shall come to your own."

MRS. COOLIDGE FAVORS COLORS

When Season of Mourning Is Concluded She Will Dictate Style.

BY ELEANOR EARLY.

It is going to be a "Rainbow administration."

If America's fashionable women want to be absolutely up to the minute, they must wear red, blue, brown, purple, yellow, green, orange or any other shade of the "rainbow." They must wear pastel shades or screaming hues, must affect black or white or any old color.

For Summer's latest shade, fashion dictators declare will be governed by the color Mrs. Coolidge, "First Lady of the Land," chooses as her favorite. This means it will be a rainbow season, with colors running riot and the "First Lady" wearing them all as favorites.

Mrs. Coolidge, her secretary said, has no favorite shade. She loves colors and wears them all. Brunettes with lovely coloring and big brown eyes can wear almost anything, and that is the kind of a brunette Mrs. Coolidge is.

Approves Bright Colors.

Mrs. Coolidge is happiest in the brightest of colors and as soon as the period of mourning is ended she will blossom forth in all the hues she loves. There was "Alice blue," when Alice Roosevelt was the "White House belle;" there was "Helen pink" when Helen Taft reigned in capital society; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson popularized the famous "henna hue," and the little woman who is wearing widow's weeds today wore "Harding blue" until her husband died.

The popular shade of each administration is decided by the new "First Lady," so until March, 1925, every shade will be popular.

Gracious in All Modes.

Writing of clothes, the new first lady is not what might be called a "fancy dresser." There are a hundred thousand little stenographers from coast to coast who spend more on clothes than ever Mrs. Coolidge did, and they don't wear their things half as long either.

For instance, when Mrs. Coolidge came to Washington in 1921, she brought a sport suit of crushed strawberry—and she's wearing it to this very day. Last season she had only four evening gowns—most small town matrons have as many. And two of them were new, and two of them were made over. Yet Mrs. Coolidge is always well gowned, and in remarkably good taste.

President Picks Gowns.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Mrs. Coolidge's clothes is the fact that her husband chooses them—all but her hats.

"His taste," she says, "is so much better than mine. He goes window shopping for me, and when he comes home he'll remark, 'I saw a little frock downtown today, Grace, that would suit you exactly. Won't you drop in and try it on tomorrow?' So I go down next day and buy it. It's so simple and so satisfactory. And you know I think it's half the secret of happy married life—dressing to suit one's husband."

Deadly Hooch Spree Stopped by Officer

Nick Sherlock, Chicago, garbage wagon driver and political campaigner, is still thankful two policemen arrested him and brought him in court on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. When the court freed him he said:

"Just a minute, your honor. I want to thank these two dicks for pinching me just when they did. If I had drunk any more of that TNT I'd been dead."

When the policemen found him he was yelping: "Whoopeee! I'm going to open up a church. They sure do make money."

CUTICURA

For Children's Baths

Cuticura Soap is ideal for children because it is so pure and cleansing, and so soothing when the skin is hot, irritated or rashy. Cuticura Talcum also is excellent for children.

Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 17G, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

PRINCE TO VISIT CANADIAN RANCH

Heir to English Throne Will Have Taste of Roughing It.

The Prince of Wales is going to get a taste of roughing it when he visits his ranch in Alberta in the Autumn.

In the interests of privacy he will travel as the duke of Cornwall. His stay will be comparatively short, and he will not accept official engagements of any kind whatsoever while in Canada.

Cattle, sheep and horses are raised upon the royal or E. P. Ranch, at Pekisko, in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. It is conducted scientifically under the management of Prof. W. L. Carlyle, but there is enough of the old "wild West" left to give the prince a good idea of the old days when the cow puncher was king.

Bronco busting is not yet a lost art on the Western Canadian prairies, although the cowboys are not so picturesque as they once were. The prince will have an opportunity to see some fancy riding far different from that on the bridle paths of London parks.

There are several thousand acres in the prince's ranch, with about 200 under cultivation for supplementary Winter feed.

The prince is keenly interested in stock raising and sent a number of blooded horses and cows from his stock farm in Cornwall to Canada. He will inspect his ranch in detail and offer what assistance he can to foster stock raising in Canada.

Sweden to Adapt Autos to Roads

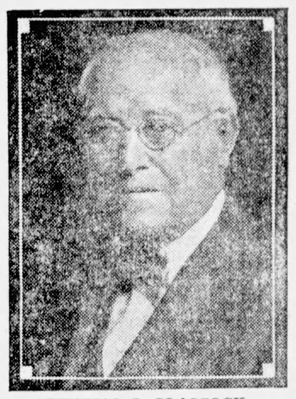
Sweden, considering the motorizing of its highway traffic, says the general establishment of regular automobile passenger and truck service cannot wait for the construction of new roads and the rebuilding of old ones, but that the motor vehicles must be adapted to the roads.

The roads are to be divided into four classes, according to the weights which they are able to sustain. Trailers, rather than additional motor trucks, are to be used wherever the traffic is large. A curious type of vehicle is recommended for Winter use in northern Sweden. The car is to have sleigh runners instead of front wheels, and will be equipped with special drive wheels and gear.

For the financing of the new service yearly subsidies have been proposed, as well as a government loan fund.

Man 74 Years Old Is "Rejuvenated" in Three Weeks Without Gland Operation

Kansas Contractor Tells of Wonderful Results Obtained in Test of New Scientific Discovery.



THOMAS J. GLASCOCK.

Thomas J. Glascock, 74, well-known Kansas contractor, declares he has virtually been made young again by the recently discovered korex compound, which is pronounced superior to "gland treatments" as an invigorator and revitalizer.

"I feel like I did at 35," says Mr. Glascock, "and seem to be getting stronger every day. During my three weeks' use of the new discovery, pains and weaknesses of many years' standing disappeared almost magically. Today I am as vigorous and supple as I was in the prime of life. Furthermore, when I began using the compound, my memory was virtually gone and I was almost blind. Now my mind is clear and active and I can read the finest print without difficulty."

In order to find out whether the results were lasting, Mr. Glascock waited six months before reporting on his test of the discovery. On this point he says:

"Every passing day strengthens my conviction that my restoration is not only complete but permanent. I can't express the happiness this great discovery has brought to me. It has made me 'young' again."

Similar reports are being made almost daily. For instance, D. W. Wood of New Orleans, past 60 years of age, says: "The compound has brought me back to as good, healthy physical condition as I enjoyed at 35. I am apparently as supple as at 25 and my eyesight is better than for years. I would not take $5,000 for what the discovery has done for me."

The compound is a simple home treatment in tablet form, absolutely harmless, yet rated as the quickest and most powerful invigorator known. Acting directly on lower spinal nerve centers and certain glands and blood vessels, it often brings amazing benefits in 24 to 36 hours, according to thousands who have tested it.

"It is wonderful," writes a resident of Hollister, Cal. "In less than 24 hours you can feel it does the work. It makes one feel young as a young man. I am more than happy and glad I tried it." Another Californian says: "The compound is a world's wonder. I feel like I was about 25 and here I am nearly fifty!"

The compound has been tested in all parts of the country and has won the praises of thousands who suffered from nerve weakness, lost or depleted vigor, neurasthenia, premature age, impaired glandular activity and lack of animation and vital force. Its effects seem to be virtually the same on both young and old. Physicians say the principal active ingredient of the compound gives speedy satisfaction in obstinate cases that defy all other treatments. Elderly people pronounce the discovery a real "fountain of youth."

Realizing that thousands of enfeebled, half-alive folk may consider such news "too good to be true," the American distributors have agreed to supply a double-strength treatment of the discovery on a guaranteed trial basis to everyone in need of such a preparation. If you wish to test the compound under a money-back guarantee, write in strict confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 2133 Melton Building, Kansas City, Mo., for a two-dollar treatment of korex compound, mailed in a plain, sealed wrapper. You may enclose two dollars, or simply send your name, without money, and pay two dollars and postage on delivery, as you prefer. In either case, however, if you report within ten days that you are not satisfied, the laboratories will refund the purchase price upon request. These laboratories are nationally known and thoroughly reliable, so nobody need hesitate about accepting their guaranteed offer.

—Advertisement.

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
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We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1923

Going without a collar doesn't make a dirt farmer.

Uncle Sam may be asked to form an entangling alliance with the German stomach before the year is ended.

Again France is worrying about her low birth rate. The remedy is to do less gadding around among the neighbors.

Give the Golden Rule a place in a political platform and it would be attacked as reactionary.

Lima Beane says the prohibition die-hards drink bootleg booze and become die-quicks.

Our guess is that a lot more common sense will be talked across the line fences between farms in this country than will be heard when the "dirt farmers" cut loose in congress.

Robert Quillen has discovered the latest Ford joke. It is this: "I do not wish to be President."

A radical seems to think he can't be that way without shooting off his mouth every whipstitch.

President Coolidge, like the man now mourned by the nation, comes from the people. He does not wear the label of any class or faction, but all Americans will recognize him as one of them.

To see ourselves as others see us we would have to have their prejudices.

Seems strange that more of our new Americans do not come out of the melting pot dry.

There'll always be the question whether it isn't better to stay in life's rut than go get out and skid.

It's a disappointment to trail along after the crowd, only to find it shuffling back, half ashamed of itself.

Alice Paul wants woman to do everything that man does, but it is suspected Alice would pick out one of the clean, easy jobs for herself.

There'll be regret that Minnesota's new senator has given the voters a solemn pledge that he will never wear a dress suit because of the general belief that he would look darned funny in one.

Dr. Wiley says less than a million people violate the dry laws. Hope Doc has the correct estimate. Only one million out of one hundred and ten million would leave an overwhelming margin of respect for the government.

Radicalism in Germany is like radicalism in other parts of the world. Like a toothless dog, its bark is worse than its bite.

To settle all disputes we suggest a compromise on the theory that the tomato is a fruit and the tomato worm a vegtable.

Now and then the consciousness is forced upon the American people, including the kickers, that this is a pretty decent world after all.

Take your time, says a philosopher, but be a little careful about other people's. In other words, don't take your time taking the other fellow's time.

Mr. Bryan acts like a man who has confidence in his ability to hit any Democratic hat thrown into the presidential ring.

Some men are afraid to take a risk, but an Indiana man took two when he bought a second-hand automobile with a forged check.

Farmers may yet resent the idea of the radicals creating the impression they are paupers and without hope.

Red propaganda has about as much effect on a good American as water on the well-known duck's back.

One returned statesman says what Europe wants of us is our money. Let's wait until Christmas and send her a card.

Men say Secretary Hughes is cold. It must be his logic that gives them goose pimples.

Henry Ford says "the tariff is a joke." It is in poor taste for him to laugh. He should remember what a joke has done for him.

Medical scientists talk entertainingly anyway. One of them says folk could live to be 140 "if they'd banish the superstition of disease." The "ifs" of life are forever getting in the way.

Not having seen Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent for some time, we can't say whether it is still a jew's-harp or has been converted into a mouth-organ.

"In lowliness of mind," says the Bible, "let each esteem the others better than ourselves." Guess it is mostly the other way around.

While other things are being said of the small town it may be added that it has fewer cycles to the square mile than the big town.

Women are making progress but men are still operating the steam shovels and road rollers.

There seems to be a job for everybody who wants to work but not enough positions to supply the demand.

The German ex-crown prince is visiting the German ex-kaiser at Doorn. One wonders what they find to talk about.—Kansas City Star.

Probably they put on their old uniforms and strut.

A bachelor always wants it understood that it is his own fault.

Senators Walsh says he didn't see any chaos in Europe. Perhaps the manager of the show didn't know he was coming.

Play Fair With Coolidge

It will not be many days, no doubt, before the attempt will be made to persuade the country that Calvin Coolidge, now lifted by the fitful play of circumstance into the presidency, is something of a cross between a timber wolf and a barbed-wire fence, the secret agent of international banking and bound in the nature of things to give the humble citizen of the republic the worst of it.

The American people read it as a constitutional right to abuse their President. Many of them interpret good words for the chief executive either as blind and stupid partisanism or as a sign of mental shortcomings. The habit does neither the people nor the nation any good. It interferes with the remedy of evils. It checks progress. Were not our Presidents made of the stuff that can breed philosophy under unhappy conditions the country repeatedly would have suffered grave injury from this custom of deliberately misunderstanding its most important public servant.

Calvin Coolidge has taken the oath of office as one who has been called to a duty he has not desired and has not expected. He has asked God for His help. No more sincere man has ever gone to Washington. None has ever wished more longingly for wisdom. Coolidge is without pretensions, without vanities. He is by nature reserved and retiring. He has avoided playing for the galleries as president of the senate. He will avoid it as well as President of the United States.

The President should be given fair play. He should be given time in which to adjust himself to his new office and his new home. Nothing is achieved or gained by cheap witticisms at his expense, by painting him as a strange combination of stupidity and wicked cunning, by trying to give the impression to the world that, if the American people had a choice in the matter now, they would take a Chinese bandit for President in preference to Coolidge. A lot of venom is spilled which is not meant for venom. But the rest of the world doesn't know it.

President Coolidge will try to be square to all citizens. Be square with him.

Shifted Political Scenery

Senator LaFollette is expected to make his visit to Europe so brief as to be almost a snub. Opportunity beckons him home. Mr. Harding, as one of the barriers between the senator and his ambition, is gone. Mr. Coolidge is hardly likely to be a candidate of importance before the Republican convention. Retiring Presidents who have been vice presidents to private life has been so much the practice as to constitute virtually a rule.

It is the belief of this newspaper today that Senator LaFollette cannot obtain the Republican nomination. But he is in position to make a very bold struggle for it. His partisan allegiance is a cloak he removes with slight effort. Yet if that is to be held against him it condemns a number of other public men, Democrats as well as Republicans. He has flirted so extensively with the Farmer-Laborites as to warrant the demand that he go over to them in name as well as in action. A fact that might weigh with the convention, assuming that the delegates had an opportunist aspect, is that with the selection of LaFollette as candidate the Farmer-Labor party would practically automatically be absorbed by the Republicans, as say, a bale of hay by an elephant.

Hiram Johnson is popularly supposed to be as committed to radicalism as LaFollette. This is only a seeming. Mr. Johnson's manner of speech is that affected by radicals, being intended to reach the most distant listener, but his record is almost as regular as that of Senator Lodge. Mr. Johnson's vote was not registered against the four-power treaties though it was not put down for them. He can plead absence if someone should bring up the question during the campaign. He supported the tariff bill, obtaining a stimulating protective duty for citrus fruits. In the wars between the I. W. W. and the small farmers of California, Hiram has been on the farmers' side. His principal talking point now is opposition to American participation in the World court. He has been anti-administration in this, but there are signs that he has the sympathy and possibly the whispered support of several Republican leaders commonly given to endorsing the administration's policies.

Another prospective contender is Herbert Hoover. It will be remembered that one of the most vocal Democratic newspapers offered to support him upon whatever party ticket his name appeared. Friends of Leonard Wood are bound to parade their candidate again. There may be fair prospects in a few months for Lowden of Illinois, a capable, clear-sighted man and, in many regards, an attractive figure.

Mr. Harding's death changed the situation for 1924 as if by a shifting of stage scenery. Oddly the new setting is that of 1920 in many details.

Radicals Speak Up Early

Senator Brookhart has been frank enough to inform President Coolidge what the congressional radicals will demand of the administration at the next session.

These radicals count upon being able to force through a good deal of their peculiar kind of legislation. But unless they can persuade or bulldoze the President into their way of thinking they will be unsuccessful. They haven't the members to ride over an executive veto. Hence Mr. Brookhart's early instructions to President Coolidge. Orders is orders.

The Brookhart reforms call, among other things, for the repeal of the transportation act in all essential features. He commands the re-enactment of the excess profits taxes. The soldiers must be granted their bonus, to be paid out of these taxes. The federal reserve system, he says, must be reorganized in order that agriculture and labor shall have a fuller representation upon the board. A co-operative code for the benefit of the farmers must be adopted.

The scrapping of the transportation act would not assure the lowering of freight rates, these rates being high mostly because wages are high. But its wrecking would do grave injury to the reputation and influence of Senator Cummins who with Mr. Brookhart represents Iowa in the senate, Mr. Cummins having framed the law. The Brookhart style of politics contains considerable hate 100 per cent proof.

The excess profits taxes were not repealed simply because industry urged it, but because the government was desirous not to dry up the sources of taxes. It could look at the matter entirely from a revenue point of view. It might not be a bad thing to re-enact these taxes for the purpose of permanently discrediting radicalism. But the chief sufferers would be the people dependent upon the maintenance of steady employment and the government offices and officers who live by taxes. The soldiers' bonus bill would have become a law if congress had provided means for paying it. It deliberately avoided doing that. Congress knew the bill would be vetoed and arranged it that it would be vetoed. What it was after was to escape the veterans' resentment by compelling President Harding to endure it.

The federal reserve system has been made the goat for the deflation. It appears that no one was to blame for the inflation that had to be deflated. The board understook to prevent a panic. It did prevent it. If the board is to be cursed for that one is to understand that, according to the Brookhart argument, panics are good things for a country. A lecture along that line by Messrs. Brookhart of Iowa and Johnson of Missouri, both fervid critics of the federal reserve, would be entertaining though unconvicing. Why agriculture and labor would like to dominate the board is beyond us. They don't ask for an influential voice in the bureau of standards and measures. Handling the finances of the nation is as technical an affair as working out the best materials with which to make concrete.

Mr. Brookhart's scheme for a farmers' co-operative code is vague. It was probably meant to be that way. The farm bloc got everything it asked of President Harding. It will possibly get everything asked of President Coolidge, everything short of foolishness.

The radical program is not constructive. But it allows for no end of bellowing and waving of arms. Mr. Brookhart would say that this means the program is perfect.

Mexico Has Her Own Politics

Americans would fall into error if they formed their judgment of Mexican politics from their understanding of the political habits, customs traditions of their own country.

Frequently in Mexico the career of politicians has been cut short by gunfire employed in what is made to appear perfectly legal circumstances. An order is issued for the arrest of an opponent of the government. Soldiers proceed to serve the warrant. They return with the regretful report that the man has tried to flee or has resisted them and duty compelled them to shoot him down.

There has been a faint intimation that the sudden extinction of Francisco Villa was not altogether without governmental knowledge and approval. The outlaw had been bought off. But he was always an uncertain quantity. He might any time have found it profitable to join some revolutionary party and cause a resumption of the destructive civil war. From the governmental point of view he was better off dead.

The attempts to run down the assassins of Villa have not been distinguished for industry and perseverance. Approval has been withheld from Villa's friends who have petitioned for the privilege of serving as the agents of justice in the matter. Government troops have been sent into Durango to disarm Villa's brother, seven former Villa generals and about 500 veterans of the old Villa campaigns.

The present Mexican government is no more bound to follow out the practices of more orderly nations than governments which have gone before it. Politics in Mexico has always been a grim business, electrical with personal danger, apt at any moment to be highly explosive and ear-splitting. Obregon could not maintain offices if he were not ready to adopt a policy involving a funeral. Mexico is not so peaceful in mind as she might seem to be from the regular running of trains and the holding of racing meets.

Did you ever hear anything like it? In Rome the bakers reduce the price of bread when the cost of wheat drops.

In a free country like ours it is the privilege of the minority to feel that it is smarter than the majority.

Judged by the number of remedies offered, one could easily get the impression the world has rheumatism.

Wayne B. Wheeler says England is very wet. Then the fact that the royal family discarded the name of Wetin made no difference.

FINNISH CAPITAL BOOMING

Intimate Views of Life in Helsingfors

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

Copyright, 1923, by Carpenter's World Travels.

I WANT to show you the booming capital of the new Republic of Finland. At the close of the World war, Helsingfors took on a new lease of life and it is now one of the live, up-to-date cities of Europe. It is farther north on the globe than any other world capital. Its latitude is that of Hudson Bay, and it is nearer the North Pole than Petrograd, Stockholm or Christiania. Nevertheless the climate is pleasant and people can live well here all the year round.

Just how well they live will surprise you. My hotel is the Kamp. It is a building of five stories facing an avenue park 400 feet wide with stone pavements on either side and green lawns and trees in the center. Entering, one finds much the same lobby as at home and the dining rooms are commodious. I am fortunate in having the bridal suite, which is on the second floor over the entrance. It costs me just about three dollars a day and would cost ten times that in New York. The suite consists of a parlor, 16 by 20 with an alcove at the left facing the street. The ceiling is 13 feet high and in its center is an electric cut-glass chandelier. The floor is of polished oak with a rose colored one-piece rug covering the whole and the furniture is of oak upholstered in blue brocaded satin. The room has two full length mirrors in which I can see every muscle as I go through my gymnastics on rising, and adjoining it is a bedroom and bath, the latter having a tub six feet in length with a shower overhead.

How They Keep Warm.

Every morning I order a fire, for the air is cold about daylight. The hotel is not heated by furnace, hot water or steam, but like most of the homes of the city, by great stoves burning wood. The stove fills one corner of the parlor. It is half again as high as my head and has an oven three feet square which is the height of a chair from the floor. The oven has brass doors and when the wood is put in and lighted, these are thrown open and it gives all the effect of a grate.

The stove is beautiful and I am told it cost four or five hundred dollars. It is of porcelain of an ivory whiteness with pink and gold decorations as gorgeous as any dish in your cupboard. It does not look out of place and is really a fine piece of furniture. The wood is brought in by a boy six feet tall but still wearing knee pants, and a blonde haired girl in a white apron, black dress an dyellow kid shoes, makes the fire. She tells me to leave the door open until the birch wood has turned to red coals. After that it is closed, and the brick walls inside the porcelain will keep the room warm all day. Similar stoves are used throughout Finland, but the cheaper ones are of plain mortar and bricks, costing $20 and upwards. It seems strange to think of a city of 200,000 people being heated with wood, but this is so of Helsingfors and of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, which has 400,000 population, and of every city of Finland. Even the government buildings are warmed with wood, and upon going into the courtyard of the Foreign Office, I found it filled with a pile of birch sticks, containing many hundreds of cords, the fuel supply for the Winter.

Breakfast a la Helsingfors.

But the waiter is bringing in breakfast. Sit down with me and see how we suffer in this far northern city. You must excuse my pajamas. Here in Europe one usually breakfasts in his room upon rising and he can have his coffee served in bed if he chooses. The meal is about the same in all the great capitals, consisting of what the French call "Cafe Complet," a roll with some butter and coffee or chocolate as one pleases. I usually order marmalade or jam and two eggs in addition. Our Helsingfors breakfast is brought in on a silver tray with a silver coffee pot and a pitcher that holds half a glass of cream. The cream is excellent and the butter is good. The eggs are free from suspicion. They are eaten from the shell. You break off the top of the egg an inch down, and scoop it out with a spoon as big as the end of your thumb. Everything is counted. The Paris breakfast has two rolls, three balls of butter and coffee. Here four slices of white bread, a roll and two pieces of toast. Each of us gets six lumps of sugar, and a thick pat of butter as big around as a dollar. The breakfast napkins are paper as is common in Europe since the World war, some of the hotels using paper tray cloths as well. The breakfast I have described costs us each 50 cents.

Let us now go out on the Esplanadgstan and take a look at the people. It is about noon and the pavement is filled with men and women as well dressed and as good looking as those of Washington or Boston. The faces of the people are rosy. They look healthy and hardy, and both men and women are well developed. The Finns are famous for their love of athletic sports. Every school has its physical exercise and at the last Olympic Games the Finns came next to our athletes who were the winners.

The crowd is more polite than that of our cities. There is more hat tipping and bowing and scraping. Soldiers in gray uniforms go by and all salute as they pass. We can see the difference in conditions. The well-to-do and upper classes wear the same clothes as ours, but the peasant women have shawls over their heads in place of bonnets or hats, and their skirts are so short one can see the tops of their boots which often go half way up the calf. They remind one of the peasant women of Russia and they have the same coarse sun-burned faces. Many of them carry knitted bags filled with vegetables. They are servants returning from market.

How many caps we see on the street. The school boys wear caps and the school girls as well. The soldiers have military caps, and the officers long gray coats reaching to their high topped boots. The common laborers wear caps, and the farmers have the same headgear, and high boots with their trousers tucked in at the top.

The street traffic of Hilsingfors is not unlike that of a Russian city. The vehicles are drawn by horses with high bows rising over their collars. There are numerous "droskies" and only now and then an automobile. The roadways are kept clean by women in short skirts, and with handkerchiefs tied around their heads. They sweep the dirt into baskets with brooms made of twigs.

The City Market.

Walking down the Esplanadgatan, we soon reach the granite walled harbor filled with ships both large and small, and especially with skiffs and boats which have brought stuff to market. The chief market place of the city is on the harbor, and the buying goes on both on the boats and on the streets. The market place is covered with booths and wagons and men and women push carts about filled with vegetables, flowers and fruits. There are crowds buying and selling, and from 10 until 12 o'clock the scene is a busy one. The market closes as the clock strikes 12 and then every market woman begins to pack up her wares. Within an half hour all have departed, pigeons by hundreds fly down and pick up the scraps.

At the same time men come out with hose and flood the streets, while sprinkling carts run back and forth and the women street sweepers scratch the dirt out of the cobbles until the whole is like a Dutch kitchen. By 1 o'clock every sign of the marketing has disappeared, and the square is so clean that one could eat a meal from the pavement without taking in more than the share of the traditional peck you are supposed to consume every year.

Cleaner Than the Dutch.

I verily believe these Finns are cleaner than the Dutch who have made themselves noted for that characteristic the world over. Helsingfors has immaculate streets and that notwithstanding its doorsteps and pavements in front of the houses are not daily scrubbed as in Holland. Some say the cleanliness of the Dutch stops at the houses. With the Finns it extends to their persons as well. The capital has bath houses, public and private, and every farm in the country has its own little hut made of logs, stone or turf, where all of the family goes Summer and Winter to steam out the dirt. In the remote districts it is said they all bathe together, but as a rule each sex has its own hour for the ceremony.

The bath house is a national institution. It is usually heated by a stove or oven which is at one side of the room. Each house has a small window and door and wooden platforms run all round the wall. After the wood fire has been lighted and allowed to burn down to coals, water is poured on and the room soon becomes full of steam. In the meanwhile bathers have come in and disposed themselves on the shelves. They are naked and they enjoy the steam, getting down now and then and beating themselves and each other with little brooms made of birch twigs, soaked in hot water. This brings a profuse perspiration, after which each person is rubbed down and massaged. In some places a woman does the whipping and massaging. After the bath there is a plunge in the lake and often in the Winter a roll in the snow. In the towns the bathrooms are heated by steam pipes, and even there the switching and rubbing down is done by the women. I understand that every village has its professional masseuse.

The Bridal Bath.

This bathing dates far back into the history of Finland. One of the heroes of the "Kalevala," the national poem from the metre of which Longfellow took his "Hiawatha," describes in detail how the bathing is done. This man is about to make love to his bride and he calls upon his sister to fix the bath. Her name is Aniki. The poem tells how she

"Heated secretly the bathroom,
With the bows the wind had broken.
And the thunderbolt had shattered.
Stones she gathered from the river.
Heated them till they were ready!
Cheerfully she fetched the water.
From the Holy Well she brought it.
Broke some bath-whisks from the bushes,
Charming bath-whisks from the thickets,
And she warmed the honeyed bath-whisks,
On the honeyed stones she warmed them,
Then with milk she mixed some ashes,
And she made him soap of marrow,
And she worked the soap to lather,
That his head might cleanse the bridegroom,
And might cleanse himself completely."

Leaving the market we take a look at the harbor. Helsingfors is built on a peninsula running out into the sea and the bay is guarded by islands. We passed the red granite walls of the old fortress of Sveaborg on the island of the same name, as we came in, and anchored under the shadow of a magnificent Russian church with crosses and domes, standing on a rock perhaps 100 feet above the edge of the water.

On one island nearby we could see the pavilion of the Yacht club, and on another a popular restaurant, open to the winds and waves. On the shore rising above the houses is Observatory Hill surrounded by a luxuriant park, and there are other parks here and there. The town has some great churches, a Greek Catholic cathedral, a university with several thousand students, and public and private schools of every description.

About the Schools.

The common school system was introduced into Finland more than 75 years ago, and at the time of our revolution, the Finns passed a law that no one could be married until he had learned Luther's Catechism. At that time parents who did not teach their children to read were fined, and when Peter the Great ravaged the country, the fugitives who fled to the woods carved the alphabet on their dinner tables and thus taught their children.

Today there are less than 22,000 people in Finland over 15 years of age who cannot read and write and that in a population of a little more than three millions. We have, roughly speaking, more than seven people in every hundred who are illiterate. Finland has only seven in one thousand and still many of us think the country is backward and less civilized than our own.

I have visited some of the schools here in Helsingfors, and I am told they are almost equally as good throughout the republic. There is no home which is more than three miles from a school house, and there are people's high schools in all farming districts. Nearly every town has its associations of the young people who study travel and history and every locality has its choral society and athletic association.

Most of the school houses have gymnastic halls, and some of the newer ones have shower baths. The government prepares all the plans for the school buildings and the country schools have gardens for teachers and pupils. Many of the children along the lakes go to school upon skates, and the school houses have places for snowshoes and bicycles. Nearly every home has a telephone and the children help each other with the lessons over the phone.

Finnish and Swedish.

In going through the streets one hears several different languages spoken. The Finnish, which is growing more and more popular, was a barbarous tongue when the Russians took possession of the country in 1809, the higher classes then using the Swedish. But soon after that the Swedish scholars in Helsingfors began to study the Finnish and to collect folklore. Since then the Finnish language has become more widely known and it is now crowding the Swedish to the wall. There are now 274 newspapers 100 in Swedish. There were formerly seven newspapers which printed the Finnish and Swedish in parallel columns. In the University of Helsingfors there are three academic languages, Finnish, Swedish and Latin. The street names are printed in the two languages and public documents are used in both tongues. Helsingfors has the largest book store north of the Baltic and every town of size sells English books. Our best fiction is translated almost as soon as it appears and one can buy the latest foreign books in the stores.

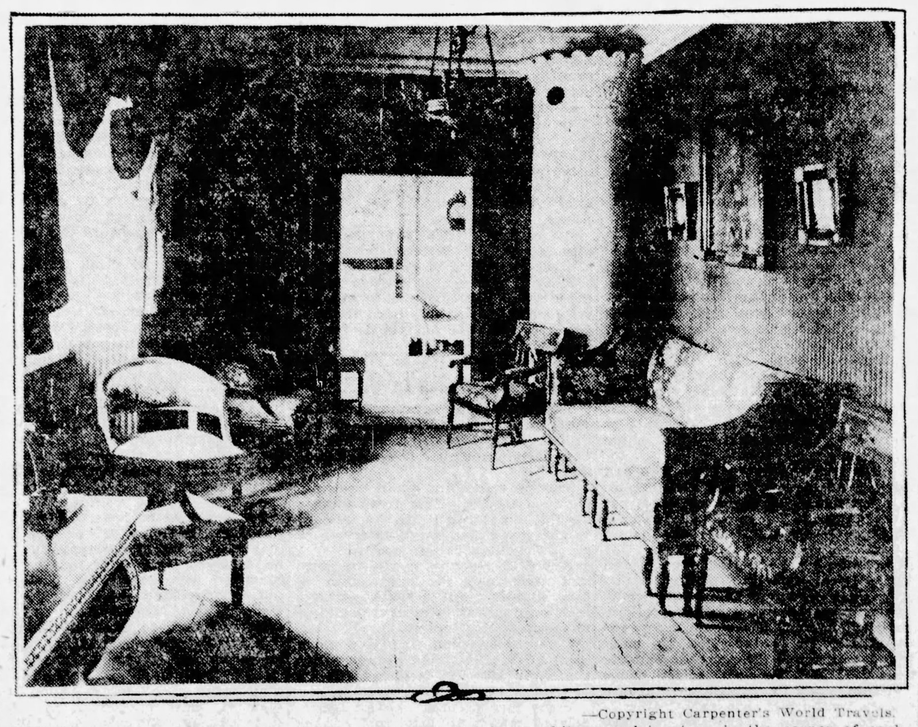
Helsingfors is a city of fine stores, banks and other financial establishments. Its business buildings are usually of granite, of four or five stories, and some of them have such elaborate architecture as to be almost barbaric. There are many American goods sold, and like the cities of Sweden and Norway, the town has an American air. There are a number of large banks, some more than 80 years old. There is a National Bank which issues the Finnish marks, a currency which now runs into the billions, but which has a more or less stable value. There are savings banks almost everywhere, and every parish has one. The depositors in such banks now number about one for each family of the Republic.

Co-operative Stores.

An interesting feature of business is the co-operative stores, of which there are 120 in Helsingfors alone, 65 per cent of their members being laboring people. They pay the regular prices but get a percentage on all that they buy. Co-operative stores are to be found in every part of the country.

In co-operation Finland is patterning after Denmark. Not only the farmers but the town people have their co-operative dairies and 200 clubs for the purchasing of farming machinery and tools. There are more than 700 egg selling societies and the farmers are more and more every day eliminating the middle man. They are selling their own products both at home and abroad and are growing rich by it. This same movement is being pushed in all Scandinavia, and I understand it is common in the new republics south of the Baltic. Is it not about time our own farmers should wake up and take notice?

Queer Stoves Used by Finns



—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

HOTELS and upper-class homes of Finland are heated by a white porcelain stove in the corner of each room, reaching from floor to ceiling. The fuel is birch wood and a fire built in the morning keeps a room warm all day.

ABE MARTIN

A Swedish glassblower has jest been elected t' th' United States senate, but it's still shy on Swiss bell ringers.

Th' fire department wuz called t' th' home o' Gran'maw Pash t'day, t' reach some cherries.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Wedding Bells

JIM FLIPP, head clerk in Dugong's store, and drummer in the village band, has hooked up with the fair Lenore, who works in Grice's peanut stand. They had a happy wedding trip to divers towns along the shore, then they returned, and Mr. Flipp went back to clerking in the store. And Mrs. Flipp, the fair young bride, is selling peanuts as of old; she deals them roasted, raw and fried, and gathers in the minted gold. They're living in a single room hard by the Covenanter's Kirk; a rusty place, that's full of gloom, but it is handy to their work. At quick lunch joints they eat their beans, at evening roam the lighted ways; the "home" idea little means to countless thousands nowadays. My aunts were married in their youth, and each began to build a home; each had a cozy little booth with roses creeping o'er the dome. Each aunt could make a perfect pie that soothed her husband's savage breast, brought tears of rapture to his eye, and stripped the buttons from his vest. My aunts are quaint, old-fashioned dames, who look on home as woman's sphere; and when they view the modern games, each has a pink pain in her ear. The plan that's followed by the Flipps may be all right, but it seems sad when brides return from wedding trips and then go forth to nail the scad.

Copyright, 1923, George Matthew Adams.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Around the World

I met a dusty traveler along the road one day,
And plainly he was homeward bound from half the world away.
And he had been to foreign ports on seas I'd never seen,
And heard the talk of men afar where I had never been.
"Oh, tired and dusty traveler," said I, "pray tell to me
What did you find in London town, so far across the sea?
What did you learn in Portugal, what did you see in Spain,
And do they sing and dance and laugh across the bounding main?
"And do they have their little cares who live in ancient Rome?
And do the children romp and play the way they do at home?
Oh, tell me, dusty traveler, what have you found afar?
I'd like to know what pleases them and what their sorrows are."
"Oh, yes," he said, "they dance and sing wherever you may go,
And everywhere they think and talk just like the folks you know,
And whether skins be brown or white, the hearts of men are fair;
And though you tramp the world around, there's friendship everywhere.
"They weep when sorrow comes to them, they smile when skies are blue,
In times of care good neighbors come to learn what they can do;
Though strange their speech and strange their ways, one common bond we know—
A kindly deed is understood no matter where you go."

(Copyright, 1923, by Edgar A. Guest)

VARIETIES

The culture of pecan trees is to be tried in China.

The Greeks looked upon pepper as a valuable medicine.

London consumes about 18,000,000 tons of coal annually.

Dates grow at the tops of trees 40 to 60 feet from the ground.

Educational facilities are the same for women as for men in Greece.

The latest figures show that there are 15,430,000 Jews in the world.

In Christian art the goat is regarded as an emblem of impurity.

Tracks of prehistoric animals have recently been found in Kentucky.

Since the late war 5,280 families have settled on Wisconsin farms.

A honey bee will travel eight miles from its hive in search of honey.

Over 1,000 years ago the Pueblo Indians constructed irrigation ditches.

A shingle mill in British Columbia cuts 500,000 shingles in 10 hours.

There are 2,174 different characters in the works of Charles Dickens.

One of the fossil dragon flies has a wing spread of more than two feet.

A Bohemian inventor is said to have produced a glass that is unbreakable.

Whaling boats used by the Esquimos of Alaska are all American made.

About 3,000 pound sof copper is required to build a railroad locomotive.

From the mitaiem plant the Japanese make a good grade of plant leather.

The only Mohammedan mosque in the United States is in a Detroit suburb.

An endless cable 22½ miles long in Alaska is the longest in the world.

Street cars made from American automobiles are operated in Port-au-Prince.

Even the tramps in Argentina travel about the country on horseback.

Breeding maggots for fishing bait is an important industry in the west of England.

There are 47 letters in the Japanese alphabet, instead of 26 as in the English language.

Tapirs lived in North America during the period of the great Ice Age, fosal finds show.

Tractors are being used in increasing numbers to haul mahogany logs in British Honduras.

Zinc workers often suffer from zinc poisoning, which causes its victims to stumble and lose muscular control.

Air mail is wrapped in an asbestos container that is fastened to the airplane by thin steel strips and screws.

About one-fourth of all the linseed oil consumed in the United States goes into the manufacture of linoleum.

At the north pole the wind can blow only from the south, as there north, west and east can have no existence.

Rhinoceroses formerly ranged over most of America, reaching the eastern coast of Maryland, the Carolinas and Florida.

About 30,000 deer are killed by hunters in Yucatan every year and their hides shipped to the United States.

Finding suitable accommodations for holiday makers is a novel career which several women have successfully taken up.

It has been estimated that the losses in the United States, due to the depredations of rats total over $20,000,000 a year.

A total of nearly $50,000,000 is contributed annually by the chief countries of the world to Protestant foreign missions.

Hat-raising among men as a form of greeting is said to be losing popularity in Germany, owing to the high price of hats.

According to official data, 2,000,000 automobiles were produced in the United States last year, topping all previous figures.

Egyptian women are working for a modification of the Moslem law permitting a husband to divorce his wife without a cause.

One part of sulphur a million in cocoanut oil is said to create trouble in the process of making soap with cocoanut oil.

One of the largest pulp and paper mills in the world is being built on the Humber river, in Newfoundland, at a cost of $20,000,000.

The raising of peanuts has developed into an important industry in China. Last year's crop amounted to nearly 500,000 tons.

The lungs of many of the Egyptian mummies prove that 3,000 years and more ago consumption reaped its harvest of victims.

The dyeing of wool for the making of Persian rugs esteemed as a fine art and the tribal dyer is regarded as a person of great importance.

Chinese crop yields an acre probably average higher than those of the United States because of the highly intensive cultivation methods used.

At one hotel in Bavaria a visitor found the tablecloths and napkins to be paper, the butter oleomargarine, the coffee oats and the rice breadcrumbs.

Rodents comprise more than one-third of all living species of mammals and exceed any other mammalian order in the number of individuals.

Cake can be made in half the time ordinarily required by using oil instead of solid shortening, cooking experiments at the University of Washington indicate.

Hot plates, warmed by electricity, are set into the ground at certain street corners in Amsterdam. They are intended for the comfort of policemen on crossing duty.

Legislation to prevent the rapid cutting of chestnut forests in France is being urged to restrain floods, prevent washouts and protect the electric power of the rivers.

To study the life history and behavior of the cotton boll weevil, a laboratory has been established by the United States department of agriculture at Florence, S. C.

A camera which occupies two rooms, weighs 7,000 pounds and takes a picture one yard square is used by the department of interior for photographing maps of oil fields.

In Spain, when asked for a light, a man must present his cigar or cigaret for the purpose. To offer a match is to imply the social inferiority of the man who asks for the light.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

A HELPING HAND

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

WHAT is real friendship? Who are our real friends? These are special questions. One does not know whether the man and the woman who come to our parties and laugh and talk are real friends or not. We wonder if they would be if we could not entertain them as we do. If trouble should overtake us we wonder whether they would offer their services or find other ends with no troubles.

Two scenes come to mind. One is in an Ohio town of less than 1,000 inhabitants, a typical rural community. The other is in a large city.

The midday sun was shining down on the slopes of the hills that bordered a little rural community snuggled in a beautiful valley. It was very hot, as the month was July, and the middle of the roadway in the village was not cool but if you could get up the valley where trees grew on their walls of foliage down to and around it, forming a tunnel, you would find some relief from the burning rays of the sun. Suppose we tramp along its twisting course until we find a big tree under which to rest our weary limbs. Isn't it wonderful? And the birds, they are wonderful too. There must be a million of them. We can't help but dream and pity our fellow beings cooped up in the cities who must shuffle along hot pavements, dodging traffic and perspiring continuously.

Suddenly we hear the honk of a motor sounding the warning that it is about to reach the top of a hill. We look in that direction and see winding down the road toward us a long train of autos following a hearse. Some villager's last remains are being carried to their final resting place in an adjoining larger town. Everyone in town must be in that procession.

As we wander back to the village we find it nearly deserted but not quite. There is a helpless old man in a wheel chair under that big apple tree in front of the large white house that is so prominent. We approach and question him about the funeral procession we observed.

"That was Old Man Miller's funeral," he began. "He beat me to the grave after all. I always figured I'd die first. And he was such a good friend. The whole village turned out. He was a friend to all. When anyone was in trouble he was always ready and willing to help. Yes, Sam was taken rather suddenly. But we did all we could. The women took turns waiting on him. He wasn't sick long. No, he didn't leave any family. He just left friends. All his kin are dead. But his friends stuck with him till the last."

And so we find that Old Man Miller had his friends until the end. They remained with him through his sickness and were now escorting his body to the grave. He would be missed for some time. For proof of this there were the words of the cripple in the wheel chair and the tears in his eyes as he talked.

The other scene is in a good-sized city. In one of the mortuary chapels is a coffin. A single spray of flowers lies on it. Six men sit in chairs nearby. The undertaker is reading from a book. It is a short burial ritual. Soon he finishes, the six men arise and bear the coffin to the waiting hearse. Off to the cemetery it dashes followed by another machine carrying the pallbearers.

There are no mourners. Eyes are unmoistened by tears. The six pallbearers have been hired by the undertaker and the spray of flowers was furnished by him. The deceased had left some money for his funeral or he would have been buried in the potter's field.

In the village Old Man Miller had neighbors and friends and they were neighbors and friends till the end. In the city the man whose funeral we saw must have had neighbors and friends, too. But they were not real ones. They tolerated him in life and forgot him in death. No tears were shed at his grave. Still he was a fellow human gone to meet his Maker.

It is in the small towns that we find real friendship and neighborliness. Often we have heard individuals who live in city apartments boast that they do not know the names of the people across the hall. Is that any reason to exult? We think not. Doesn't it show that you are selfish if you don't want to know their names, if you don't want to give them a friendly greeting now and then?

No one should live apart from his fellow beings. You can be too independent. Some time you will need help. Will you expect the unknown across the hall to come to your assistance then? In our rural communities everyone speaks to everyone else. When misfortune assails you proffers of aid are numerous.

In the grim and heartless city births and deaths take place often unknown by the neighbors until afterwards. Is that friendship? Think of the other person and he will think of you. Don't enclose yourself within high walls of reserve and claim that you choose your friends. Maybe those you choose care nothing about you. Maybe they don't want your friendship.

Be friendly. It costs nothing and is worth millions. Lend a helping hand now and then. Some day you will need the helping hand of a friend.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

If you have so much business to attend to that you have no time to pray, depend upon it you have more business on hand than God ever intended you should have.
—Dwight L. Moody.

A LOST ART.

I noticed that a writer from California has the same name as mine. The initials are nearly the same. His is F. M. Baker while my name is F. M. Baker. I agree with all he said in his letter.

There seems to be Bakers in every state and nearly every county, but it seems that the bakers who bake bread are the most appreciated as I notice a large number of our rural families now go to the bakeries and buy their bread instead of baking at home as our mothers used to do.

Quite a number of our highly educated girls do not know how to make a loaf of bread but of course all the girls who write to this page know. I heard of a farmer's son who went to a Summer resort and met an educated girl from New York. He became infatuated with her, married her and returned home with her, anxious, of course, to show her off to his parents. But they did not take kindly to his sudden marriage. The young bride told her mother-in-law she knew nothing about baking bread. The older woman then said, "I would not marry if I did not know that much about housekeeping."

The bride said she could learn soon but had not learned yet when last heard from. Farmers' sons had better marry farmers' daughters if they expect well supplied tables.

We have a fine fruit crop in our section and the corn, oats and potatoes are all looking fine.—P. M. Baker of W. Va.

BE AGGRESSIVE

Good evening, cousins. This, I sincerely hope is really and truly a good evening to each reader. Since my last appearance on the page I have changed occupations but find my desires, inclinations and hopes about the same. I enjoy very much the cousins' letters, talks by Aunt Martha, the Poets' Corner, Mr. Sanders' able articles and the forceful common sense writings of Gene Stratton Porter. Then there is Walt Mason's prose poetry, Edgar A. Guest's poems and Mr. Carpenter's writings on Europe. All of this assures a good home paper. Yet I fear there are many who neglect to read some of these articles.

H. M. A., Plain Mary, Dixie Boomboom and all others, come again. I am personally acquainted with the first two, although H. M. A. isn't a girl, as Aunt Martha implied.

I am not a believer in the theory that man originated from the monkey. I am simple-minded enough to accept without reservation the account of man's creation as given in the Bible.

What a wide world this is! Are we doing our best, you and I, in being honest with ourselves and all others, in being "up and doing" and of doing our duty as we see it? We should not only be good, but should be good for something." How many of us complain instead of facing the fear like real men and women? Let us be not only pure and innocent but valiant and aggressive in the battles of life, although we stand alone. A successful life calls for continuous effort. We will garner the fruit of our sowing.

What a piece of work is man! We see people wherever we go. We love to see the world's great leaders, but methinks the best, the most [illegible] man is home, where love and good will abound, where father and mother dwell with their darling boys and girls. When all of our people really have homes with all of their inside and outside necessities, with children and play, with love for God and each other, with educational opportunities with orchards, flowers, shrubs and trees, then we will largely govern ourselves.—J. M. R. of W. Va.

WORLD NO WORSE

I am the young mother of two precious babies, one 26 months old and the other nine months. Both are boys and happy. I have been married over three years to a dear husband. We are farmer folks and love our work. I think we are near to nature and God is caring for and coaxing nature to her best efforts.

I have been a silent reader of the Blade ever since I could read and now I am 21. I enjoy every page, especially the Household page. I am interested in Carpenter's articles. There is good in every country and also bad, and plenty of it. We must not judge too much lest we be judged wrongly too.

It seems to be the subject of flapperism is worn threadbare. If a girl wants bobbed hair, short skirts and cigarets I suppose she will have them at any cost, just the same as a drunkard will have his strong drink. But if she wishes to dress modestly and be a dainty lady she won't touch the flapper's idea of style.

I don't think there are any more bad folks today than ever. News can travel so much faster now. How about the young man? He is just as fast, if not faster. And why is it that in the case of a scandal the young man gets off with the excuse that he is sowing wild oats? Why not allow the girl wild oats?

The young men strive to be in style. They want to be called shieks, which means the same as flappers. I was impressed by the story "A Sheik There Was" on this page recently. I know many who are made-up sheiks, and they are just as detestable to me as flappers. Adieu.—Midget.

THE OLDTIME CHURCH

When I read the article on the Rural Welfare page about the wildwood church my heart seemed to roll over and over with emotion. The old church in the wildwood is a familiar picture to me. There in that little church I received my earliest religious training. And the old songs we sang there! Everyone sang, the old folks and children. And God's songsters in the trees outside by the windows sang. They laughed and twittered and then took up the notes clear and strong and sang until we thought their little throats would burst. But when the song ended in the church the choir outside in the trees did not quit. They warbled and sang away during Sabbath school and the preaching hour.

They were privileged characters—these songsters of God in the wildwood. There was not a child over 10 years old who could not lead the singing if requested. Only a few could read the notes but everyone knew the tunes. There were no organs then and no choirs to sing.

People came from miles away to attend the grand old revivals of that day. In the Winter when the sleighing was good not all who wished could get inside the church, but their voices could be heard through crevices as they joined in the good old songs.

The church of my memory was built of logs and frescoed with mud. —St. Joe Sister.

President's Son Is Worker

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

ONLY member of the Coolidge family to remain at former home at Northampton, Mass., is young Calvin, Jr., 14-year-old son of the President. He is working on a farm near Northampton for the Summer, which explains his presence there instead of at the Capital. Here he is shown keeping the lawn at the Coolidge home at Northampton in trim while the folks are away.

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

I just wonder if the mammas of the cousins on this page have fights with the neighbors like my mamma sometimes does. I bet they do sometimes. Mamma is funny but I guess that is cause she's a woman as Papa told her once all women are funny. Anyway one morning she and Papa had a fight about some money. Mamma wanted a dollar for the ice man and Papa said he just got through giving her all the money he had the day before. One word led to another and they was arguing pretty fiercely when Papa went to the office.

Then the next door neighbor woman came over to chew the rag. Her name is Delaney and she's always making fun about that family though I don't see why since it is her name too. Anyway Mrs. Delaney and Mamma got to talking about husbands. Mrs. Delaney said hers was hard to live with. She said she always had to ask him for money and then she didn't always get some. She said sometimes she wished she'd stayed single and let Mr. Delaney go to ruin which it seems he was going to when Mrs. Delaney stopped him.

Soon she switched from her husband and talked about Papa. She said she noticed how Papa never did much work around the house but always was setting out on the front porch all the time he wasn't at work in the office. Mamma said she guessed he'd work if she wanted him too but she thought it wasn't a man's place to work in the kitchen. Then Mrs. Delaney began to talk about how hard it was to get money out of her husband.

Mamma told her Papa was pretty kind and generous with his money. She said she never had to ask him for any but he always asked her every day before going to work if she needed some and even if she said she didn't he gave it anyway. That's what she told Mrs. Delaney.

I thought maybe Mamma forgot about that morning so I says out loud, "Mamma, you asked Papa for some this morning and he bawled you out." Mrs. Delaney snickered then and Mamma got red in the face. She started after me but I run away and the next thing I saw was Mrs. Delaney going home and Mamma standing in the door yelling kind of madlike at her. I didn't go back in then cause I figured I better not if I knew what was good for me.—Jimmy.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Serve steamed cucumbers with jellied veal.

Tomato sauce is delicious with broiled mushrooms.

Serve creamed potatoes with a fresh parsley omelet.

Fill a steamed "shell" of cabbage with boiled rice mixed with tomato sauce.

Bran gives a delicious nut-like flavor to muffins, macaroons and raisin bread.

Turnovers and covered tarts are the most practical kinds of pies for picnickers.

To preserve the color, flavor and minerals of most vegetables it is best to steam them.

When baking apples fill the centers with sliced bananas and top with marshmallows.

If the toes of your shoes show signs of wrinkling stuff them tightly with old cloth.

On account of its strong odor fish should never be put into the ice box unless it is covered.

Fish not only tastes better, but is richer in food value when eaten fresh and in season.

A few seeded raisins, plumped in hot water, and drained are a pleasing addition to milk toast.

BOYS AND GIRLS

There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes aglory in the night,
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and best.
—Henry van Dyke.

FATHER

I have seen many letters lauding mother's praises to the sky but have yet not see one word about father. What is the matter, cousins, isn't father worth mentioning? I agree there is no one in the world like mother but I love my father too. I can remember when I was just a child how he used to come home in the evening and how much more cheerful the house was when he was there with his cheery voice and hearty laugh.

Then came the time when he did not leave home one morning. The doctor came and the house was dark. The next time I saw him he was white and still and did not answer when I spoke to him. All this happened many years ago but never can I forget him or cease to love him.

Once every year men wear white flowers on their lapels on Mothers' Day. But Fathers' day is not generally observed. It doesn't look like a square deal.

Almost every year there are one or more songs about the love of a son for his mother but the only one I can remember about father is, "Everybody Works But Father." In conclusion I would like to quote a few lines from a poem I found the other day in one of my mother's old scrap books.—Lily of the Shenandoah Valley.

Does anyone care for father?
Does anyone think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders
The cares of the family come?
The father who strives for your comfort
And toils on from day unto day;
Like a patient horse in the treadmill
He works on from morning till night.
Is it right just because he looks troubled
To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions and kindness
Might banish his burden of care.

A SNAKE SCARE

I am 15 years old and hope some of you cousins will put your hands over Mr. W. B.'s eyes until I get by. I want to tell you a story.

Some of my girl friends came to see me and as the creek is close to our house, we decided to go in wading. We were not very brave and didn't want to go in water that would come above our knees. Neither would we go in where it wasn't clear enough to see the bottom.

My brother saw us start to wade and so he fixed something to look like a snake, fastened it in some way so he could make it move after us while he sat behind some bushes where we couldn't see him. He waited until we crossed a fence and then slipped the snake in the water. The first thing we knew we heard a snake and looked around to see it coming after us.

All of us tried to climb the fence at once, but there were too many and we fell through it and over it. Then my brother came down the pasture path and asked us what we were running from. We didn't go wading again. —Crabapple Blossom of Illinois.

CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

Some of the cousins say they come to this corner to chat and rest a bit after a hot drive, but not I. There's not much rest where there is so much excitement. The last time I was here Don Quickshot was shooting up things in general by robbing the poor girls. Ima Flapper, you must be nervy or else you peeped in first to make sure D. Q. wasn't present. However, you jumped from the skillet right into Impulsive Pep's fire.

Why don't you cousins stop arguing and flying at each other's throats and be good children and have a sociable time together? Talk about something more pleasant than flappers, powder and paint. Who will begin? We may have to call on our good Aunt Martha.

M. J. R. of Mo., I believe I know "the little lady in Indiana." Hasn't she written to the M. G. R. under the name of Hoosier Rene? Micky of Wisconsin, where are you? In the nursery rocking the baby? I guess some of the old friends as King Philip, Prairie Rose, Johnny Funnyman, Keystone Bachelor and Bachelor Billy must have forsaken us or married and left us. Let's have a reunion so some of the old friends can come again.—Slivver of Indiana.

A SPOOKY TALE

Many years ago on one of the islands of the West Indies, then inhabitated by pirates and robbers, there lived an old Jewess. She was rich and owned many jewels. According to custom she employed some men to make a tomb as her last resting place. There she was buried with all her jewels.

One night an American gentleman who lived there heard a great chattering and commotion inside her house. In his white nightgown he ran to the door and was instantly seized by robbers. Soon they came to the tomb of the Jewess. They rolled away the stone which covered the opening at the top and thrust this man inside, telling him to cut the fingers off the corpse and hand them the jewels. When he had done this they slammed the cover down violently and fled leaving him inside the tomb.

Two hours later he was startled by excited talking outside. Another band of robbers approached and lifted the stone. The American leaped out among them. Thinking he was the spirit of the Jewess they took to their heels and may be running yet.

A great orator has said, "Never expect your ship to come in before you send it out." That is the idea. If you want to see one of your own letters in print you must write them. Although the ghost story subject is not new I think my story is not only that but it is unusual.

Did anyone see the letter signed, "? of Michigan?" I am she—Nobody from Nowhere.

MAKING SUCCESSFUL SALADS

What are the qualities which go to the making of a good salad? One rule is that all the salad plants or vegetables used must be crisp, fresh and cold.

For a dinner salad a French dressing should be used, never a mayonnaise, unless it be a simple dinner and the salad is to be served as a separate course. A salad of cucumbers, tomatoes or plain lettuce is much more appetizing if served with the meat or fish.

Probably all salads depend more on the seasonings than on anything else. Three measures of oil and one measure of vinegar or lemon juice is a good proportion for the average taste. For seasonings, salt, pepper, mustard, paprika, sugar and a little onion if the dressing is to be used on vegetables or plain salad plants. A clove or bean of garlic left in the dressing for several hours and removed before the dressing is served gives a flavor much to be desired.

For fruit salads omit the onion and mustard. Very good combinations of fruit and vegetables may be made, such as tomatoes and pineapple, peppers and grapefruit, celery and apple, peaches and beets.

Sandwiches are rapidly growing in favor for lunch or supper, and are made sufficiently hearty to serve as a main course. A meat sandwich and a vegetable salad with a sweet or some fruit for dessert, make a satisfactory meal.

Slices of cheese, cold chicken, ham or pork may be the filling. Then toast the sandwich quickly and serve on a plate with pickles, olives or a lettuce, tomato or cucumber salad.

Cold corned beef and cold-slaw, cold tongue and sliced tomatoes, cold pork and sliced onion, all make excellent sandwiches.

The chopped cabbage may be mixed with mayonnaise or cooked dressing and the tomatoes dipped in French dressing, if one does not care for the mayonnaise.

Instead of toasting the sandwich, occasionally fry it in butter, just enough to give a golden brown color.

For "hikers," a sandwich made of cold baked beans, mashed and seasoned with ketchup or chili sauce, with sliced pickles, between buttered brown bread slices, is one which will "stand by."

Chat With Cousins

Wanted:—New Subjects of Discussion by Household Page writers and readers. Many are weary of flapperism, powder and rouge as subjects. New ideas are wanted and Aunt Martha has been called upon to make suggestions. We can only discuss what we are interested in but we will make a few suggestions and possibly the cousins will consider them and write about them. There should be some interest in the discussion of the evils and advantages of the motor car, oldtime remembrances, the coal question, use of our natural water power, women's clubs, the part women play in the world today and many other timely subpects. And then the cousins could write letters about good roads, about community life, about neighbors, raising children according to modern methods, etc. We need new topics although we think nothing has been more interesting than the letters on birds. We ought to be able to tell now how we spent our vacations. Just write and give your ideas. They will be interesting and useful to all of us.

"College Oil Cans" is the name of the poem that is desired greatly by Mrs. Harry Swan, Portland, O. If any of the readers have a copy they can spare they are asked to mail it directly to Mrs. Swan. The poem has been published several times on this page and we cannot repeat it.

We're sorry, Bessie Bogard, but it is against our rules to grant your request. In your case it would probably be all right if we made an exception of you we would have to do it with everybody and then there would be no rule which, in many instances, is a good rule.

We call the attentions of the cousins again that if they want to be absolutely sure that their letters will reach Aunt Martha they must address them to Martha Holden, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O. and not just Household Page. Please remember this unless you don't care whether your letter reaches its proper place.

New England Girl, long missing, arrived the other week with a letter. It was joyfully received and placed with the other letters ready for publication to await its turn.

The reader who wanted to know how to make rose beads from rose petals should read what Rose Bush of Pa. has to say. "You grind the petals in a food grinder with the pulverizer plate. Grind six or seven times until very fine. Then place them in an iron pan to blacken them. Keep moist in a cool place three or four days or until black. They are then ready to shape. Make the beads considerably larger than wanted as they will shrink in drying. String on hat pins to dry and when dry rub them in the palm of the hand with a few drops of olive oil to polish. Continue polishing until they retain their blackness. If they should become gray at any time rub with oil. A necklace of rose beads will always retain its fragrance if made from fragrant roses."

Read what Ambitious One has to say: "My greatest desire is to find the place in the world where I can do the most good, and be of real use to my fellow men. Where do you cousins think I am most needed? Provided, of course, that I am of either sex and capable of handling any profession there is. Will you give me your views on this subject?" If you have any ideas please write and tell Ambitious One through the Household Page.

We keep no addresses of the writers on file, Huckleberry Finn, so cannot give you the information you want. You say you know our rules. There's a reason for those rules or there wouldn't be any.

How do you spend your noon hour cousins? Do you madly shop if you live in the cities, or do you take a nap? Do you read, do you write or do you just sit and day dream? Maybe you can find a subject for discussion in this. Of course Aunt Martha knows you eat during part of the noon hour but what she wants to know is how you spend the least important part of the hour, provided you regard eating as important.

On the House Dress

A pocket is certainly a joy in one's house dress but so many women say they always catch them and tear them off. Why not make an inside pocket on a seam, like a child's old-fashioned pocket? Or try putting your patch pocket on the left side. It will not be so liable to catch there as on the right side.

Squeaky Shoes

If you are unfortunate enough to possess a pair of "musical shoes," place them in a dish with just enough linseed oil to cover the soles and let them stand all night.

Make Bag for Extra Dressing

If the family likes more dressing than a roast fowl will hold, fill a muslin bag with dressing and place beside the fowl in the roaster. I have tried this with success.

POETS' CORNER

The Fresh-Air Children

WILL CARLETON.

Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white!
The hungry city children are comin' here tonight;
The children from the city, with features pinched an' spare,
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted air.

They come from out the dungeons where they with want were chained;
From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained;
From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the light;
Set well the table, Mary, dear, an' let the cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the dishes made for the heart's behoof;
They never heard the rain drops upon a cottage roof;
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze;
They never rambled wild an' free beneath the forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by others' greeds;
The very air their lungs breathed was full o' poison seeds;
The very air their souls breathed was full o' wrong an' spite.
Go set the table, Mary, dear, an' let the cloth be white!

The fragrant water lilies ha' never smiled at them;
They never picked a wild flower from off its dewy stem;
They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass
Unless they heeded well the sign that says, "Keep off the grass."

God bless the men and women of noble brain an' heart,
Who go down in the folk-swamps an' take the children's part—
Those hungry, cheery children that keep us in their debt,
An' never fail to give us more of pleasure than they get!

Set well the table, Mary; let naught be scant or small;
The little ones are coming; have plenty for 'em all.
There's nothing we should furnish except the very best
To those that Jesus looked upon an' called to him an' blessed.

The Silver Moon

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
To muse on the beauties of June,
Neath a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,
And she sadly complained to the moon.

Chorus.

Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune;
I never, nevermore with my true love will stray
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

As the hart on the mountain my lover was brave,
So handsome and manly to view,
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,
O Edwin! no love was more true.

But now he is dead, and the youth once so gay,
Is cut down like a rose in full bloom;
And he silently sleeps, while I'm thus left to weep
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,
And weep for my lover so brave;
I'll embrace the cold earth, and bedew with my tears
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.

Oh never again can my heart throb with joy,
My lost one I hope to meet soon;
And kind friends will weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.

You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry

When a child I liv'd at Lincoln with my parents at the farm,
The lessons that my mother taught to me were quite a charm.
She would often take me on her knee when tir'd of childish play,
And as she press'd me to her breast I've heard my mother say:

Chorus.

Waste not, want not, is a maxim I would teach,
Let your watchword be dispatch, and practice what you preach,
Do not let your chances like sunbeams pass you by
For you never miss the water till the well runs dry.

As years roll'd on I grew to be a mischief making boy,
Destruction seem'd my only sport, it was my only joy,
And well do I remember when—oft-times well chastised,
How father sat beside me then and thus has me advised.

Mixing With Martha

Blanquette of Chicken

Two cups cold cooked chicken, cut in strips, 1 cup white sauce, 1 teaspoonful finely chopped parsley, yolks 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls milk. Add chicken to sauce; when well heated add yolks of eggs slightly beaten, and cook one minute. Serve with buttered graham toast.

Eggplant and Tomato Scallop.

Slice and peel an eggplant, cover with strong salted water and let stand half an hour. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of the eggplant, cover with peeled and sliced tomatoes, sprinkle generously with soft American cheese, cut into small pieces, dot with bits of butter and season with pepper, salt and cayenne. Continue in this manner until the dish is nearly full, sprinkle with crumbs moistened with melted butter and bake until tender.

Spanish Loaf

This calls for one can of spinach or same amount of fresh spinach, four cups boiled rice, two cups white sauce and one red pepper. you can make a small can (or three bunches) of spinach serve seven or eight people by making into a loaf, combined with rice, by making a thick, white sauce of two cups of skimmed milk, four tablespoons flour, four tablespoons butter substitute and one teaspoon salt. Melt fat and mix with flour, add to milk and stir over fire until it thickens. Mix with the rice, chopped spinach and pepper. Pour into a loaf and bake 20 minutes.

Sour Cream Spice Cake.

One cup of sour cream, one cup of granulated sugar, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoon of soda, one cup of raisins chopped and floured, a pinch of salt, two cups of ordinary bread flour, one-half teaspoon of vanilla, two teaspoons each of ground cinnamon and nutmeg, one teaspoon of allspice and one-half teaspoon of ground cloves. Dissolve the soda in a tablespoon of hot water and add it to the sour cream. Then mix the cream with the sugar, add the beaten egg, the flour sifted with salt and spices, and then the raisins and vanilla. Bake in a loaf-cake pan for 40 minutes in a modern oven.

Do They Miss Me at Home?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one,
Were saying, "I wish he was here!"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss'd me at home,
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does someone repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they sit in a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whisper'd "good-night" while they weep?
A whisper'd "good-night" while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?
Because I am with them no more?

Johnnie Hart

There was a rich farmer's daughter lived in the town of Ross,
She courted a Highland soldier, his name was Johnnie Hart.
For six long months they courted, her parents they knew not
He was her darling soldier, dressed up in his Highland plaid.

Said the mother to the daughter, "I'll go distracted mad,
If you court that Highland soldier, dressed up in his ugly plaid,
To marry a private soldier, forever you're undone!
You know your fortune it is great, so wed a farmer's son."

O, mother, dear, don't despise my love and do not run him down,
Many a private soldier has been raised to higher renown,
Many a farmer's daughter has followed the fife and drum,
And I would not part my soldier joy for any squire's son.

It was early then next morning,
Her mother went into Ross,
Went to the colonel's quarters, and to him a courtesy dropped, saying:
"I want your honor in private, I have a broken heart."

The colonel being a noble man, he then began to smile,
So kindly he consented, with her to step aside,
"Be quick, my decent woman, to hear you, I'm inclined,
And if I can consider your claim is fair, I'll see you justified."

"I have an only daughter, she is a foolish lass,
She's courted by one of your soldiers, his name is Johnnie Hart,
To marry a private soldier is below my child's decree,
If he is poor, send him out of Ross, and my blessing I'll give to thee."

The bugle then it sounded for parade, and young Hart did appear,
The colonel he stepped up to him all in the Barrack square, saying:
"If you court this woman's daughter and that I find it out,
I'll send you on detachment until your regiment gets the route."

"That's poor enough," young Hart replied, "for courting an Irish lass,
To send me on detachment and leave my love in Ross,
I'll court this woman's daughter, and for me she is inclined,
I would court your honor's daughter, if I could but gain her mind."

"Well done, my gallant soldier, I like your courage well,
And you shall be promoted for those words you boldly tell,
I'll put epaulettes on your shoulder, and then you'll be a match
For the foremost farmer's daughter, coming into the town of Ross."

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o'lang syne?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We two ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien';
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll take a richt gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

MRS. COFFMAN ILL SEVEN YEARS

Saved from an Operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sidell, Ill.—"I was a nervous wreck. I was suffering from a pain in my left side, which was almost unbearable, and I could not even let the bed clothing rest on my body at night. I had been sick for seven years, but not so bad until the last eighteen months, and had become so run-down that I cared for nobody, and would rather have died than live. I couldn't do my work without help, and the doctors told me that an operation was all there was left. I would not consent to that, so my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel ten years younger. Life is full of hope. I do all my housework and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house, and when my two little girls reach womanhood I intend to teach them to take it. I am never too busy to tell some suffering sister of my help, and you can use my name and letter to spread the good news of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines."—Mrs. IDA M. COFFMAN, R. B. 2, Sidell, Ill.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD

By IRVING BACHELLER
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Continued From Last Week

Preston came to Jack and whispered: "The outcome is a great surprise to the other side. Young Clarke is a dead shot. An injured officer of the English army may cause unexpected embarrassment. But you have time enough and no haste. You can take the post chase and reach the ship well ahead of her sailing."

"I am of a mind not to go with you," Jack said to Solomon. "When I go, I shall take Margaret with me."

So it happened that Jack returned to London while Solomon waited for the post chaise to Deal.

CHAPTER X

The Lady of the Hidden Face

Next morning at ten, the door boy at his lodgings informed Jack that a lady was waiting to see him in the parlor. The lady was deeply veiled. She did not speak, but arose as he entered the room and handed him a note. She was tall and erect with a fine carriage. Her silence was impressive, her costume admirable.

The note in a script unfamiliar to the young man was as follows:

"You will find Margaret waiting in a coach at eleven today at the corner of Harley Street and Twickenham Road."

The veiled lady walked to the door and turned and stood looking at him.

Her attitude said clearly: "Well, what is your answer?"

"I will be there at eleven," said the young man.

The veiled lady nodded, as if to indicate that her mission was ended, and withdrew.

Jack was thrilled by the information but wondered why it was so wrapped in mystery. Not ten minutes had passed after the departure of the veiled lady when a messenger came with a note from Sir Benjamin Hare. In a cordial tone, it invited Jack to breakfast at the Almack Club at twelve-thirty. The young man returned his acceptance by the same messenger, and in his best morning suit went to meet Margaret. A cab conveyed him to the corner named. There was the coach with shades drawn low, waiting. A footman stood near it. The door was opened and he saw Margaret looking out at him and shaking her hand.

"You see what a sly thing I am," she said when the greetings over, he sat by her side and the coach was moving. "A London girl knows how to get her way. She is terribly wise, Jack."

"But, tell me, who was the veiled lady?"

"A go-between. She makes her living that way. She is wise, discreet and reliable. There is employment for many such in this wicked city. I feel disgraced, Jack. I hope you will not think that I am accustomed to dark and secret ways. This has worried and distressed me, but I had to see you."

"And I was longing for a look at you," he said.

"I was sure you would not know how to pull these ropes of intrigue. I have heard all about them. I couldn't help that, you know, and be a young lady who is quite alive."

"Our time is short and I have much to say," said Jack. "I am to breakfast with your father at the Almack Club at twelve-thirty."

She clapped her hands and said, with a laughing face, "I knew he would ask you!"

"Margaret, I want to take you to America with the approval of your father, if possible, and without it, if necessary."

"I think you will get his approval," said the girl with enthusiasm. "He has heard all about the duel. He says every one he met, of the court party, last evening, was speaking of it. They agree that the old General needed that lesson. Jack, how proud I am of you."

She pressed his hand in both of hers.

"I couldn't help knowing how to shoot," he answered. "And I would not be worthy to touch this fair hand of yours if I had failed to resent an insult."

"Although he is a friend of the General, my father was pleased," she went on. "He calls you a good sport. 'A young man of high spirit who is not to be played with,' that is what he said. Now, Jack, if you do not stick too hard on principles—if you can yield only a little, I am sure he will let us be married."

"I am eager to hear what he may say now," said Jack. "Whatever it may be, let us stick together and go to America and be happy. It would be a dark world without you. May I see you tomorrow?"

"At the same hour and place," she answered.

They talked of the home they would have in Philadelphia and planned its garden. Jack having told of the site he had bought with great trees and a river view. They spent an hour which lent its abundant happiness to many a long year and when they parted, soon after twelve o'clock, Jack hurried away to keep his appointment.

Sir Benjamin received the young man with a warm greeting and friendly words. Their breakfast was served in a small room where they were alone together, and when they were seated the Baronet observed:

"I have heard of the duel. It has set some of the best tongues in England wagging in praise of 'the Yankee boy.' One would scarcely have expected that."

"No, I was prepared to run for my life—not that I planned to do any great damage," said Jack.

"You can shoot straight—that is evident. They call your delivery of that bullet swift, accurate and merciful. Your behavior has pleased some very eminent people. The blustering talk of the General excites no sympathy here. In London, strangers are not likely to be treated as you were."

"If I did not believe that I should be leaving it," said Jack. "I should not like to take up dueling for an amusement, as some men have done in France."

"You are a well built man inside and out," Sir Benjamin answered. "You might have a great future in England. I speak advisedly."

Their talk had taken a turn quite unexpected. It flattered the young man. He blushed and answered:

"Sir Benjamin, I have no great faith in my talents."

"On terms which I would call easy, you could have fame, honor and riches, I would say."

"At present I want only your daughter. As to the rest, I shall make myself content with what may naturally come to me."

"And let me name the terms on which I should be glad to welcome you to my family."

"What are the terms?"

"Loyalty to your King and a will to understand and assist his plans."

"I could not follow him unless he will change his plans."

The Baronet put down his fork and looked up at the young man. "Do you really mean what you say?" he demanded. "Is it so difficult for you to do your duty as a British subject?"

"Sir Benjamin, always I have been taught that it is the duty of a British subject to resist oppression. The plans of the King are oppressive. I can not fall in with them. I love Margaret as I love my life, but I must keep myself worthy of her. If I could think so well of my conduct, it is because I have principles that are inviolable."

"At least I hope you would promise me not to take up arms against the King.

"Please don't ask me to do that. It would grieve me to fight against England. I hope it may never be, but I would rather fight than submit to tyranny."

The Baronet made no reply to this declaration so firmly made. A new look came into his face. Indignation and resentment were there, but he did not forget the duty of a host. He began to speak of other things. The breakfast went on to its end in an atmosphere of cool politeness.

When they were out upon the street together, Sir Benjamin turned to him and said:

"Now that we are on neutral ground, I want to say that you Americans are a stiff-necked lot of people. You are not like any other breed of men. I have done with you. My way can not be yours. Let us part as friends and gentlemen ought to part. I say good-by with a sense of regret. I shall never forget your service to my wife and daughter."

"Think not of that," said the young man. "What I did for them I would do for any one who needed my help."

"I have to ask you to give up all hope of marrying my daughter."

"That I can not do," said Jack. "Over that hope I have no control. I might as well promise not to breathe."

"But I must ask you to give me your word as a gentleman that you will hold no further communication with her."

"Sir Benjamin, I shall be frank with you. It is an unfair request. I can not agree to it."

"What do you say?" the Englishman asked in a tone of astonishment and his query was emphasized with a firm tap of his cane on the pavement.

"I hate to displease you, sir, but if I made such a promise, I would be sure to break it."

"Then, sir, I shall see to it that you have no opportunity to oppose my will."

In spite of his fine restraint, the eyes of the Baronet glowed with anger, as he quickly turned from the young man and hurried away.

"Here is more tyranny," the American thought as he went in the opposite direction. "But I do not believe he can keep us apart."

"I walked on and on," he wrote to a friend. "Never had I felt such a sense of loss and loneliness and dejection. I almost resented the inflexible tyranny of my own spirit which had turned him against me. I accused myself of a kind of selfishness in the matter. Had it been right in me to take a course which endangered the happiness of another, to say nothing of my own? But I couldn't have done otherwise, not if I had known that a mountain were to fall upon me. We do as we must. I had not seen Franklin since my duel, and largely because I had been ashamed to face him. Now I felt the need of his wisdom and so I turned my steps toward his door."

"I am like the land of Goshen amid the pleagues of Egypt," said Franklin, when the young man was admitted to his office. "My gout is gone and I am in good spirits in spite of your adventure."

"And I suppose you will scold me for the adventure."

"You will scold yourself when the consequences have arrived. They will be sure to give you a spanking. The deed is done, and well done. On the whole I think it has been good for the cause, but bad for you."

"Why?"

"You may have to run out of England to save your neck and the face of the King. He was there, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"The injured lad is in a bad way. The wound caught an infection. Intense fever and swelling have set in. I helped Sir John Pringle to amputate the arm this afternoon, but even that may not save the patient. Here is a storm to warn the wandering linnet to his shade. A ship goes tomorrow evening. Get ready to take it. In that case your marriage will have to be delayed. Rash men are often compelled to live on hope and die fasting."

"With Sir Benjamin, the duel has been a help instead of a hindrance," said the young man. "My stubborn soul has been the great obstacle."

Then he told of his interview with Sir Benjamin Hare.

Franklin put his hand on Jack's shoulder and said with a smile:

"My son, I love you. I could wish you to be different. Cheer up. Time will lay the dust, and perhaps sooner than you think."

"I hope to see Margaret tomorrow morning."

"Ah, then, 'what Grecian arts of soft persuasion!'" Franklin quoted. "I hope that she, too, will follow the great star in the west!"

"I hope so, but greatly fear that our meeting will be prevented."

"Did you get my note of today at your lodgings?" Franklin asked.

"No," said Jack. "I left there soon after ten."

"Lord Chatham has kindly offered to secure admission for you and me to the House of Lords. He is making an important motion. Come, let us go and see the hereditary legislators."

Lord Stanhope met them at the door of the House of Lords. There was a great bustle among the officers when His Lordship announced their names and his desire to have them admitted. The officers hurried in after members and there was some delay, in the course of which the Americans were turned from the division reserved for eldest sons and brothers of peers. No less than ten minutes were consumed in the process of seating Franklin and his friend.

Soon Lord Chatham arose and moved that His Majesty's forces be withdrawn from Boston. With a singular charm of personality and address, the great dissenter made his speech. Jack wrote in his diary that evening: "The most captivating figure that ever I saw is a well-bred Englishman trained in the art of public speaking." The words were no doubt inspired by the impressive speech of Chatham, which is now an imperishable part of the history of England. These words from it the young man remembered:

"If the ministers thus persevere in misleading and misadvising the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affection of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm that they will make his crown not worth the wearing; I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will say that the kingdom is undone."

Lord Sandwich in a petulent speech declared that the motion ought not to be received. He could never believe it the production of a British peer. Turning toward Franklin, he flung out:

"I fancy that I have in my eye the person who drew it up—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country has ever known."

"Franklin sat immovable and without the slightest change in his countenance," Jack wrote in a letter The Pennsylvania Gazette.

Chatham declared that the motion was his own, and added:

"If I were the first minister of this country, charged with the settling of its momentous business, I should not be ashamed to call to my assistance a man so perfectly acquainted with all American affairs, as the gentleman so injuriously referred to—one whom all Europe holds in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, which are an honor, not only to England, but to human nature."

"Franklin told me that this was harder for him to bear than the abuse, but he kept his countenance as blank as a sheet of white paper," Jack wrote. "There was much vehement declamation against the measure and it was rejected.

"When we had left the chamber, Franklin said to me:

"'That motion was made by one first statesman of the age, who took the helm of state when the latter was in the depths of despondency and led it to glorious victory through a war with two of the mightiest kingdoms of Europe. Only a few of those men had the slightest understanding of its merits. Yet they would not even consider it in a second reading. They are satisfied with their ignorance. They have nothing to learn. Hereditary legislators! There would be more propriety in hereditary professors of mathematics! Hereditary is a great success with only kind of creature.'

"'What creature?' I asked.

"'The ass,' he answered, with as serious a countenance as I have seen him wear.

"No further word was spoken as we rode back to his home," the young man wrote. "We knew the die had been cast. We had seen it fall carelessly out of the hand of Ignorance, obeying intellects swelled with hereditary passion and conceit. I now had something to say to my countrymen."

CHAPTER XI

The Departure

That evening Jack received a brief note from Preston. It said:

"I learn that young Clarke is very ill. I think you would better get out of England for fear of what may come. A trial would be apt to cause embarrassment in high places. Can I give you assistance?"

Jack returned this note by the same messenger:

"Thanks, good friend, I shall go as soon as my business is finished, which I hope may be tomorrow."

Just before the young man went to bed a brief note arrived from Margaret. It read:

"Dearest Jack. My father has learned of our meeting yesterday and of how it came about. He is angry. He forbids another meeting. I shall not submit to his tyranny. We must assert our rights like good Americans. I have a plan. You will learn of it when we meet tomorrow at eleven. Do not send an answer. Lovingly, Margaret."

He slept little, and in the morning awaited with keen impatience the hour of his appointment.

On his way to the place he heard a newsboy shouting the words "duel" and "Yankee," followed by the suggestive statement: "Bloody murder in high life."

Evidently Lionel Clarke had died of his wound. He saw people standing in groups and reading the paper. He began to share the nervousness of Preston and the wise, far-seeing Franklin. He jumped into a cab and was at the corner some minutes ahead if time. Precelsely at eleven he saw the coach draw near. He hurried to its side. The footman dismounted and opened the door. Inside he saw, not Margaret, but the lady of the hidden face.

"You are to get in, sir, and make a little journey with the madame," said the footman.

Jack got into the coach. Its door closed, the horses started with a jump and he was on his way whither he knew not. Nor did he know the reason for the rapid pace at which the horses begun to travel.

"If you do not mind, sir, we will not lift the shades," said the veiled lady, as the coach started. "We shall see Margaret soon, I hope."

She had a colorless, cold voice and what was then known in London as the "patrician manner." Her tone and silence seemed to say: "Please remember this all a matter of business and not a highly agreeable business to me."

"Where is Margaret?" he asked.

"A long way from here. We shall meet her at The Ship and Anchor in Gravesend. She will be making the journey by another road."

She had answered in a voice as cold as the day and in the manner of one who had said quite enough.

"Where is Gravesend?"

"On the Thames near the sea," she answered briskly, as if in pity of his ignorance.

He saw the plan now. An admirable plan. They were to meet near the port of sailing and be married and go aboard the ship and away. It was the plan of Margaret and much better than any he could have made, for he knew little of London and its ports.

"Should I not take my baggage with me?"

"There is not time for that," the veiled lady answered. "We must make haste. I have some clothes for you in a bag."

She pointed to a leathern case under the front seat.

He sat thinking of the cleverness of Margaret as they left the edge of the city and hurried away on the east turnpike. A mist was coming up from the sea. The air ahead had the color of a wool stack. They stopped at an inn to feed and water the horses and went on in a dense fog, which covered the hedge rows on either side and lay thick on the earth so that the horses seemed to be wading in it. Their pace slowed to a walk. From that time on, the road was like a long ford over which they proceeded with caution, the driver now and then winding a horn.

Each sat quietly in a corner of the seat with a wall of cold fog between them. The young man liked it better than the wall of mystery through which he had been able to see the silent veiled form beside him.

"Do you have much weather like this?" he ventured to inquire by and by.

The answer came out of the bank of fog: "Yes," as if she would have him understand that she was not being paid for conversation.

From that time forward they rode in a silence broken only by the creaking of the coach and the sound of the horses' hoofs. Darkness had fallen when they reached the little city of Gravesend. The Ship and Anchor stood by the water's edge.

"You will please wait here," said the stern lady in a milder voice than she had used before, as the coach drew up at the inn door. "I shall see if she has come."

His strange companion entered the inn and returned presently, saying: "She has not yet arrived. Delayed by the fog. We will have our dinner, if you please."

Jack had not broken his fast since nine and felt keenly the need of refreshment, but he answered:

"I think that I would better wait for Margaret."

"No, she will have dined at Tillbury," said the masterful lady. "It will save time. Please come and have dinner, sir."

He followed her into the inn. The landlady, a stout, obsequious woman, led them to a small diningroom above stairs lighted by many candles where an open fire was burning cheerfully.

A handsomely dressed man waited by them for orders and retired with the landlady when they were given.

From this point the scene at the inn is described in the diary of the American.

"She drew off her hat and veil and a young woman about twenty-eight years of age and of astonishing beauty stood before me."

"There, now, I am out of business,' she remarked in a pleasant voice as she sat down at the table which had been spread before the fireplace. "I will do my best to be a companion to you until Margaret arrives.'

"She looked into my eyes and smiled. Her sheath of ice had fallen from her.

"'You will please forgive my impertinence,' she said. 'I earn my living by it. In a world of sentiment and passion I must be as cold and bloodless as a stone, but in fact, I am very—very human.'

"The waiter came with a tray containing soup, glasses and a bottle of sherry. We sat down at the table and our waiter filled two glasses with the sherry.

"'Thank you, but self-denial is another duty of mine,' she remarked when I offered her a glass of the wine. 'I live in a tipsy world and drink—water. I live in a merry world and keep a stern face. It is a vile world and yet I am unpolluted.'

"I drank my glass of wine and had begun to eat my soup when a strange feeling came over me. My plate seemed to be sinking through the table. The wall and fireplace were receding into dim distance. I knew then I had tasted the cup of Circe. My hands fell through my lap and suddenly the day ended. It was like sawing off a board. The end had fallen. There is nothing more to be said of it because my brain had ceased to receive and record impressions. I was as totally out of business as a man in his grave. When I came to, I was in a berth on the ship King William bound for New York. As soon as I knew anything, I knew that I had been tricked. My clothes had been removed and were lying on a chair near me. My watch and money were undisturbed. I had a severe pain in my head. I dressed and went up on deck. The Captain stood there.

"'You must have had a night of it in Gravesend,' he said. 'You were like a dead man when they brought you aboard.'

"'Where am I going?' I asked.

"'To New ork,' he answered with a laugh. 'You must have had a time!'

"'How much is the fare?'

"'Young man, that need not concern you,' said the Captain. 'Your fare has been paid in full. I saw them put a letter in your pocket. Have you read it?'"

Jack found the letter and read:

"Dear Sir—When you see this you will be well out of danger and, it is hoped, none the worse for your dissipation. This from one who admires your skill and courage and who advises you to keep out of England for at least a year.

"A Well Wisher."

He looked back over the stern of the ship. The shore had fallen out of sight. The sky was clear. The sun shining. The wind was blowing from the east.

He stood for a long time looking toward the land he had left.

"Oh, ye wings of the wind! take my love to her and give her news of me and bid her to be steadfast in her faith and hope," he whispered.

He leaned against the bulwark and tried to think.

"Sir Benjamin has seen to it," he said to himself. "I shall have no opportunity to meet her again."

He reviewed the events of the day and their undercurrent of intrigue. The King himself might have been concerned in that and Preston also. It had been on the whole a rather decent performance, he mused, and perhaps it had kept him out of worse trouble than he was now in. But what had happened to Margaret? He reread her note.

"My father has learned of our meeting and of how it came about," he quoted.

"More bribery," he thought. "The intrigante naturally sold her services to the highest bidder."

He recalled the violent haste with which the coach had rolled away from the place of meeting. Had that been due to a fear that Margaret would defeat their plans?

All these speculations and regrets were soon put away. But for a long time one cause of worry was barking at his heels. It slept beside him and often touched and awoke him at night. He had been responsible for the death of a human being. What an unlucky hour he had had at Sir John Pringle's! Yet he found a degree of comfort in the hope that those proud men might now have a better thought of the Yankees.

CHAPTER XII

The Friend and the Girl He Left Behind Him.

After Jack had been whirled out of London, Franklin called at his lodgings and learned that he had not been seen for a day. The wise philosopher entertained no doubt that the young man had taken ship agreeably with the advice given him. A report had been running through the clubs of London that Lionel Clarke had succumbed. In fact he had had a bad turn but had rallied. Jack must have heard the false report and taken ship suddenly.

Doctor Franklin went that day to the meeting of the Privy Council, whither he had been sternly summoned for examination in the matter of the letters of Hutchinson et al. For an hour he had stood unmoved while Alexander Wedderburn, the wittiest barrister in the kingdom, poured upon him a torrent of abuse. Even the judges, against all traditions of decorum in the high courts of Britain, laughed at the cleverness of the assault. That was the speech of which Charles James Fox declared that it was the most expensive bit of oratory which had been heard in England since it cost the kingdom its colonies.

It was alleged that in some manner Franklin had stolen the letters and violated their sacred privacy. It is known now that an English nobleman put them in his hands to read and that he was in no way responsible for their publication. The truth, if it could have been told, would have bent the proud heads of Wedderburn and the judges to whom he appealed, in confusion. But Franklin held his peace, as a man of honor was bound to do. He stood erect and dignified with a face like one carved in wood.

The counsel for the colonies made a weak defense. The triumph was complete. The venerable man was convicted of conduct inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and deprived of his office as Postmaster General of the Colonies.

But he had two friends in court. They were the Lady Hare and her daughter. They followed him out of the chamber. In the great hallway, Margaret, her eyes wet with tears, embraced and kissed the philosopher.

"I want you to know that I am your friend and that I love America," she said.

"My daughter, it has been a hard hour, but I am sixty-eight years old and have learned many things," he answered. "Time is the only avenger I need. It will lay the dust."

The girl embraced and kissed him again, and said in a voice shaking with emotion:

"I wish my father and all Englishmen to know that I am your friend and that I have a love that can not be turned aside or destroyed and that I will have my rights as a human being."

"Come let us go and talk together—we three," he proposed.

They took a cab and drove away.

"You will think all this is a singular proceeding," Lady Hare remarked. "I must tell you that rebellion has started in our home. Its peace is quite destroyed. Margaret has declared her right to the use of her own mind."

"Well, if she is to use any mind it will have to be that one," Franklin answered. "I do not see why women should not be entitled to use their minds as well as their hands and feet."

"I was kept at home yesterday by force," said Margaret. "Every door locked and guarded. It was brutal tyranny."

"The poor child has my sympathy but what can I do?" Lady Hare inquired.

"Being an American, you can expect but one answer from me," said the philosopher. "To us tyranny in home or state is intolerable. They tried it on me when I was a boy and I ran away."

"That is what I shall do if necessary," said Margaret.

"Oh, my child! How would you live?" her mother asked.

"I will answer that question for her, if you will let me," said Franklin. "If she needs it, she shall have an allowance out of my purse."

"Thank you, but that would raise a scandal," said the woman.

"Oh, Your Ladyship, I am old enough to be her grandfather."

"I wish to go with Jack, if you know where he is," Margaret declared, looking up into the face of the philosopher.

"I think he is pushing toward America," Franklin answered. "Being alarmed at the condition of his adversary, I advised him to slip away. A ship sailed yesterday. Probably he's on it. He had no chance to see you or to pick up his baggage."

"I shall follow him soon," the girl declared.

"If you will only contain yourself, you will get along with your father very well," said Lady Hare. "I know him better than you. He has promised to take you to America in December. You must wait and be patient. After all, your father has a large claim upon you."

"I think you will do well to wait, my child," said the philosopher. "Jack will keep and you are both young. Fathers are like other children. They make mistakes—they even do wrong now and then. They have to be forgiven and allowed a chance to repent and improve their conduct. Your father is a good man. Try to win him to your cause."

"And die a maiden," said the girl with a sigh.

"Impossible!" Franklin exclaimed. "I shall marry Jack or never marry. I would rather be his wife than the Queen of England."

"This is surely the age of romance," said the smiling philosopher as the ladies alighted at their door. "I wish I were young again."

BOOK TWO

CHAPTER XIII

The Ferment

On his voyage to New York, Jack wrote long letters to Margaret and to Doctor Franklin, which were deposited in the Postoffice on his arrival, the tenth of March. He observed a great change in the spirit of the people. They were no longer content with words. The ferment was showing itself in acts of open and violent disorder. The statue of George III, near the Battery, was treated to a volley of decayed eggs, in the evening of his arrival. This hot blood was due to the effort to prevent free speech in the colonies and the proposal to send political prisoners to England for trial.

Jack took the first boat to Albany and found Solomon working on the Irons farm. In his diary he tells of the delightful days of rest he enjoyed with his family. Solomon had told them of the great adventure but Jack would have little to say of it, having no pride in that achievement.

Soon the scout left on a mission for the Committee of Safety to distant settlements in the great north bush.

"I'll be spendin' the hull moon in the wilderness," he said to Jack. "Goin' to Virginny when I get back, an' I'll look fer ye on the way down.

Jack set out for Philadelphia the day after Solomon left. He stopped at Kinderhook on his way down the river and addressed its people on conditions in England. A young Tory interrupted his remarks. At the barbecue, which followed, this young man was seized and punished by a number of stalwart girls who removed his collar and jacket by force and covered his head and neck with molasses and the fuzz of cattails. Jack interceded for the Tory and stopped the proceeding.

To Be Continued

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

HAVE you a tie blouse in your wardrobe? If you haven't you should have. Maybe No. 1832 will just suit you. A popular frock is No. 1806, and most important of all it is very easy to make and after it is made is very easy to look at. If it's a gingham dress you desire try No. 1826. By the way, don't you consider No. 1829 very attractive? And No. 1822 is just the thing for the matron.

No. 1829—An 1880 Mode—Typical of the 1880 influence which is steadfastly making progress, is this straight-line-to-the-knee dress, which exploits the popular new pleated flounce. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size you will need 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide with 2½ yards 40-inch contrasting.

No. 1826—Popular Gingham—If one seeks a distinctive style for gingham, the one illustrated would be an excellent choice. Now if you would prefer to have your frock without the bias bands, you may, and the style would still continue to be good looking. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 3⅝ yards of 36 or 40-inch material is necessary.

No. 1822—Matron's Dress—The pattern No. 1822 can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 4⅛ yards of 40-inch material with ⅝ yard 5-inch contrasting for the vest and 3¼ yards of binding is required.

No. 1832—Tie Blouse—The pattern No. 1832 cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material with ⅝ yard of 31-inch contrasting.

No. 1806—Summer Style—You won't go amiss if you select this pattern after which to fashion your new frock, for it is smart, has lines that are becoming, and above all, is very easy to make. You can obtain a pattern of No. 1806 in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3¼ yards of material 36 inches wide with 1⅜ yards 36-inch contrasting is required.

No. 1811—Made in Hour—Just imagine, if you can, how simple this blouse is to make, when you can finish it in an hour. The pattern which is all in one piece, comes in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 1½ yards 36-inch or wider material with 1¾ yards of binding is required.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Stormy Wedding

While the parents of both were quarreling as to where they should marry, Miss Joan Peters and Henry Mason of Chicago, slipped away to a justice of the peace and got "spliced."

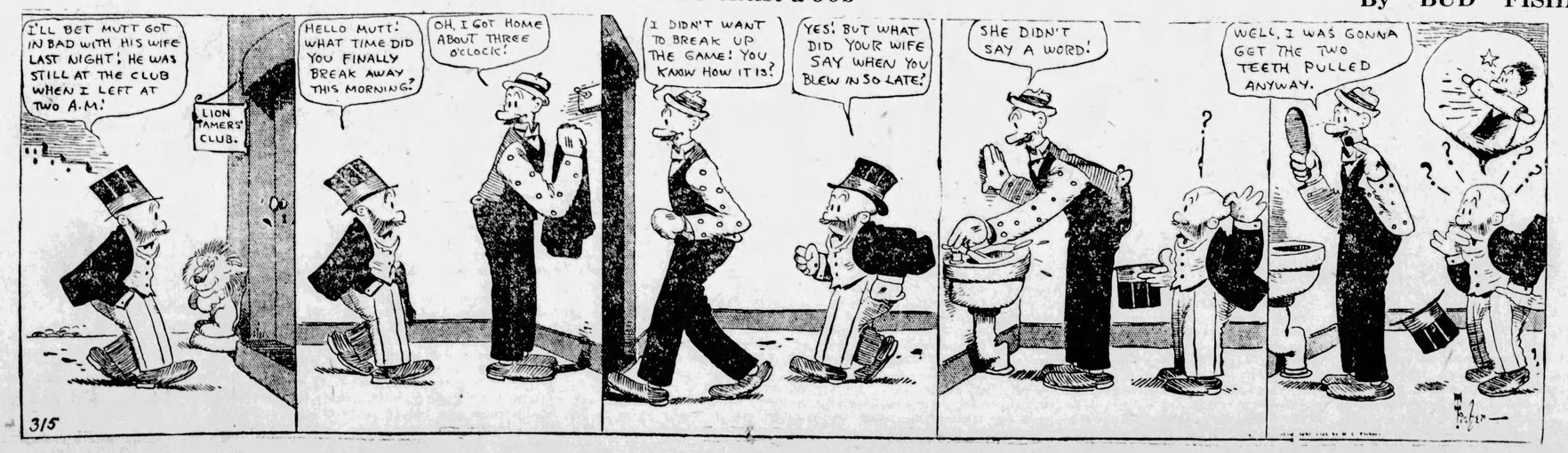
Child-birth

Here is a wonderful message to all expectant mothers!

When the Little One arrives, you can have that moment more free from suffering than you have perhaps imagined. An eminent physician, expert in this science, has shown the way. It was he who first produced the great remedy, "Mother's Friend." Mrs. C. J. Hartman, Scranton, Pa., says:

"With my first two children I had a doctor and a nurse, and then they had to use instruments, but with my last two children I used Mother's Friend and had only a nurse; we had no time to get a doctor because I was so very sick—only about ten or fifteen minutes." Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA 46, Atlanta, Ga., for a free illustrated book containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all drug stores—everywhere.

MUTT AND JEFF— **Mutt's Wife Saved a Dentist a Job** By "BUD" FISHER


I'LL BET MUTT GOT IN BAD WITH HIS WIFE LAST NIGHT; HE WAS STILL AT THE CLUB WHEN I LEFT AT TWO A.M.!
LION TAMERS' CLUB.
HELLO MUTT! WHAT TIME DID YOU FINALLY BREAK AWAY THIS MORNING?
OH, I GOT HOME ABOUT THREE O'CLOCK!
I DIDN'T WANT TO BREAK UP THE GAME! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS?
YES! BUT WHAT DID YOUR WIFE SAY WHEN YOU BLEW IN SO LATE?
SHE DIDN'T SAY A WORD!
WELL, I WAS GONNA GET THE TWO TEETH PULLED ANYWAY.
315

WILSON, BROKEN, HONORS HARDING

Former President Defies Physicians to Ride in Procession.

Woodrow Wilson, former president, a broken, silent man, came out of his self-imposed retirement Aug. 8 to join with the nation in paying a last tribute to Warren Gamaliel Harding.

He left the solitude of his home on S street to participate in the great state funeral ceremonies for the man who succeeded him in the highest office of the land.

Unheeding the advice of physicians who feared that the trip would be too much for him, Mr. Wilson braved the heavy ordeal, because, as he said in a letter to President Coolidge, "I shall esteem it an honor to take part in the funeral procession." He participated, however, only to the extent of riding down Pennsylvania avenue from the White House to the Capitol behind the heavily draped, slowly moving caisson that carried the body of the late President.

His own precarious health, shattered, too, in the service of country, prevented his attending the impressive, brief services.

When Mr. Wilson's automobile, carrying also Mrs. Wilson and his aide Admiral Grayson, reached Capitol Hill, it turned slowly through the saddened throngs and returned again to the seclusion of the S street home.

Only twice before—when he rode with President Harding in the inaugural procession on bleak March 4, 1921, and at the services in honor of the unknown soldier on Armistice Day, 1921, had the former President participated in public services since leaving the White House, where, all during the war, he had guided America.

Mr. Wilson was assigned a position in the second section of the funeral procession, close behind the caisson and the automobile carrying Mrs. Harding. Not a word did he utter; he was bowed in grief.

Almost Lifted Into Auto.

The former President, pale and drawn, emerged from the side door of the S street house at 9:28 A. M. Two attendants were at his side. He limped noticeably and had to be almost lifted into the rear seat of his automobile. His left shoulder sagged deeply and his left arm was limp. In his right hand he carried a heavy walking stick. Scarcely turning his head he took his seat. He was attired in a heavy black suit of mourning with a high silk hat.

Mrs. Wilson, in a dress of mourning, sat next to the former President. Admiral Grayson also was in the car.

Escorted by two motorcycle policemen, the former President's car moved slowly to the White House to join the funeral cortege. Persons along the route when they noticed bared their heads and held their hats over their hearts. There was not a word spoken on the trip. The former President only twice acknowledged the crowds along the route each time with a nervous little bow.

Mouth Droops.

White heavy lines were under his eyes and furrowed his pale face, he held his head rigidly erect. There was a slight droop at the corner of his mouth, which he held firmly set.

Outside the White House grounds the Wilson car passed through long lines of soldiers drawn up for the funeral procession. As he passed officers saluted and men came to attention. Mr. Wilson responded with a touch to his hat.

The machine swung into the White House grounds at 9:45 A. M., coming to a stop on the gravel road in front of the north portico. A squad of cameramen immediately rushed forward with requests that he pose. The former President bowed toward the crowds, while the cameras clicked.

When Wilson's presence in the road became known, Senator Ball, Republican of Delaware, came out of the White House to welcome him. The senator apparently carried to the former President a message from Mrs. Harding. Owing to his illness, Mr. Wilson made no effort to enter the White House but sat waiting in his car for the funeral procession to start.

COOLIDGE RISE IS CREDITED TO COBBLER FRIEND

"If It Were Not for You, I'd Not Be Here," President Writes to Man.

James Lucey of Northampton, Mass., cobbler and long a friend of Calvin Coolidge, has shown to friends a letter which he has received from the President, written in Washington and saying that "if it were not for you I should not be here." The letter, in the President's writing, was:

"My dear Mr. Lucey:

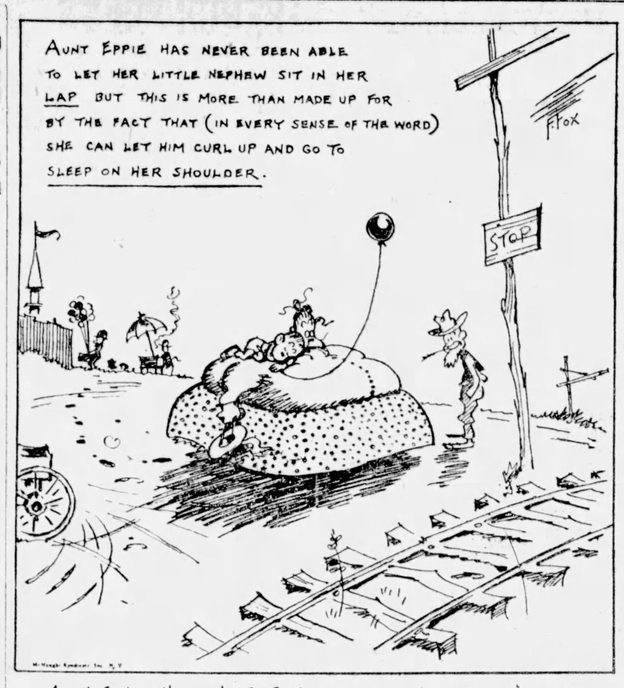
"Not often do I see you or write to you, but if it were not for you I should not be here. And I want to tell you how much I love you. Do not work too hard. Try to enjoy yourself in your well deserved leisure of age.

"Yours sincerely,

(Signed) "CALVIN COOLIDGE.

"Washington, D. C., Aug. 6, 1923.

"To James Lucey, Northampton, Mass."


AUNT EPPIE HAS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO LET HER LITTLE NEPHEW SIT IN HER LAP BUT THIS IS MORE THAN MADE UP FOR BY THE FACT THAT (IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD) SHE CAN LET HIM CURL UP AND GO TO SLEEP ON HER SHOULDER.
FLOX
STOP

Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties

VICE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION SHUNNED BY HIRAM JOHNSON

Vice presidential nominations in the future are not going to be scorned and rejected with the same freedom they have in the past.

In the sudden elevation of Calvin Coolidge to the presidency by the death of President Harding, coupled with the increasing hazards to which presidents are subjected, aspirants for high political honors are apt to conclude that second place on a presidential ticket is no longer to be despised.

Consider the case of Hiram W. Johnson. The California senator was a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination at the 1920 convention in Chicago.

When it became certain Johnson could not be nominated party leaders sent word to the Johnson headquarters that they would gladly support him for vice president if he would accept.

Johnson's Refusal Positive.

Johnson sent back his curt refusal even to consider it. Several state delegations, believing Johnson would add strength to the ticket, visited him but were coldly received.

"First place or none," he said in effect.

First place went to Warren G. Harding and balloting for vice president began soon after the final roll call for President. Again Johnson was urged to consent to accept second place and had he agreed he could have had it by acclamation.

But Johnson hotly refused and in doing so employed some bitter, emphatic language. That final refusal probably sealed his fate, so far as the presidency is concerned.

Missed Presidential Chance.

Had he agreed to take the nomination for vice president Hiram Johnson would be President. He would have attained the goal toward which he is still sadly stretching forth his hands.

Johnson's pride was his greatest enemy. He thought of himself as the popular choice of the people. He recalled his primary victors in Michigan, California, Nebraska, North Carolina and other states and when the convention nominated another he felt he had been thwarted by wily politicians. So he haughtily thrust away the consolation prize.

Calvin Coolidge also had been a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He was Massachusetts' favorite son and he got that states' so id vote on the early ballots, supplemented by scattering votes from other states. His largest vote was 33 on the first ballot.

Coolidge Sought Place.

But when the break came and Harding was named for first place did the Coolidge managers spurn consideration for second place? They did not. They were not only willing for Coolidge to take it, but they would fight to get it for him.

And they did fight. Several influential party leaders thought they had framed it all up for Senator Irvine L. Lenroot of Wisconsin, who feared defeat far re-election by the hostile LaFollette forces. Governor Henry Allen of Kansas also was in the field.

The first ballot gave Coolidge a surprising and overhelming victory. He received 674½ votes to 146½ for Lenroot and 68½ for Allen. Other candidates divided the remaining votes. It was this triumph for Massachusetts that made Calvin Coolidge the thirtieth President of the United States.

Johnson Again Candidate.

Politicians would like a photograph of the meditations of Hiram Johnson as he watches Coolidge take over the reins of government.

Johnson is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President again next year. He may make another spectacular primary campaign for delegates. But the coolly calculating politicians figure he hasn't much of a chance. Coolidge, the man who didn't scorn second place, is the logical choice, they say.

It is recalled that Theodore Roosevelt kicked like a Texas steer when the Republican convention of 1900 proposed him for vice-president on a ticket with President William McKinley, running for re-election. He was then governor of New York, a popular hero of the Spanish war and regarded as Presidential timber.

Six Men Thus Elevated.

Roosevelt's attitude at first was like that of Johnson 20 years later. He objected and strenuously protested. But finally he yielded and the following year he succeeded to the Presidency through McKinley's death.

Roosevelt knew the proposal to nominate him for vice-president came from Senator Tom Platt, New York state Republican boss, who wanted to eliminate him from state politics. Nevertheless, under strong pressure, he capitulated and thereby attained the Presidency.

Six vice-presidents have succeeded to the office of chief magistrate. Considering the increasing mortality rate among Presidents it is probable vice-presidential nominations hereafter will not be as quickly or derisively declined.

FRANCE GROWS HER OWN GRAIN

Nation's Crop Reaches High Total; Only 25 Million Short.

Information obtained from the ministry of agriculture on the present wheat harvest in France indicates that France has achieved such a remarkable comeback in agriculture that the nation will not be forced to buy American grain for the coming year.

It is stated the supply of wheat is so abundant that an early decrease is expected in the retail price of bread.

Ernest Sicot, prominent broker and statistician on the grain exchange, said: "Without having a record crop France will harvest this year enough wheat to meet the demands of her people. Our inquiry on French agriculture shows that last year's crop amounted to 250,000,000 bushels. We imported 50,000,000 bushels of foreign wheat. In other words, we need 300,000,000 bushels to supply the demands of the nation.

"This year the farmers have sown 600,000 acres more than last and city people have been eating without grumbling a somewhat grayish bread, as flour was extracted at the rate of 80 per cent and mixed with rye or rice flour.

"Two hundred and seventy-five million bushels is a conservative estimate of this year's crop, so we will be only 25,000,000 bushels short. But Algeria has an uncommonly good crop and will be able to sell us at least 20,000,000 bushels. The other 5,000,000 will easily be provided by Tuns and Morocco. The French feel proud of having freed themselves from the obligation of buying foreign wheat, which is one of the important factors in our depreciated exchange."

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COOLIDGE BOY WELL LIKED IN ARMY CAMP

Youth Is Interested in Military Life and Does His "Bit" Faithfully.

John Coolidge is a "regular fellow." That is the unanmous verdict of the buddies of the President's eldest son whom they have come to know since he entered training at the Citizens' military training camp in Camp Devens, Mass., Aug. 1. A bit reticent and retiring, but withal a good mixer, young Coolidge, who will be 17 years old Sept. 7, has entered enthusiastically into camp activities.

Since his father was elevated to the presidency he has been besieged by photographers and interviewers. An inevitable question has been:

"How does it feel to be the son of a President?" and Coolidge confesses that he doesn't feel a bit different.

Coolidge is enthusiastic about training and military camps.

Accustomed to hard work by reason of vacations spent on the ancestral farm in Plymouth, Vt., and one vacation passed in laying gravel on a road job, he does not find the camp life arduous.

He confesses to a fondness for baseball and swimming and is a catcher on his company team. He will begin his last year at Mercersburg academy, Mercersburg, Pa., Sept. 19. Next year he plans to enter Amherst college from which his father was graduated.

WEEK IN BASEBALL

The collapse of the Cincinnati and Pittsburgh clubs in the National league race has left the New York Giants ranking high and dry in the lead with a substantial game margin. The New York Yankees maintained their long lead in the American race in last week's games and another all-New York world series appears a certainty.

Including the double defeat by Brooklyn Sunday, Pittsburgh lost six of its last eight games, while Cincinnati was able to win but one game of its last seven.

The Giants hit heavily again and had good pitching. The Cubs played good ball.

Cleveland continued its heavy attack and gained a few points on the Yankees, who, including their loss Sunday to Detroit, won four and lost an equal number of contests. The Red Sox, though far down in the race, moved along in fine shape, their best performance being against Detroit, with three victories in four contests.

For the second time this season, Babe Ruth of the New York Americans, this time without the aid of his Sam Crawford bat, tied his home run record with that of Cy Williams of the Philadelphia Nationals. Ruth, forbidden to use the big bat with which he has been making his records because it did not comply with American league regulations, poled out his 29th homer Sunday. Williams made his 29th homer earlier last week.

A few weeks ago Ruth tied Williams and the tie lasted for two days, when Williams again took the lead which he has maintained throughout the season, except for tied honors. Kenneth Williams of the St. Louis Americans, came third in the list of four-base sluggers of the two leagues with 21.

LATE PRESIDENT KNEW HIMSELF

Harding to Lift Torch of Friendship Above World.

A striking picture of President Harding holding up to himself the mirror of public opinion and candidly discussing what he saw reflected there, was portrayed before the lawyers' club in New York by John A. Stewart.

Characterizing the man from Marion as one who had "laid down his life in martyrdom to appease his sense of friendly duty to the American people, whom he loved so fondly," Mr. Stewart went on:

"A few days before his last departure from Washington I spent three hours alone with him. He told of his plans to visit the West, Alaska and Canada 'on a mission of sheer friendship.' He talked of 'good-will as an affirmative policy in all political relationships, domestic and international.'"

As He Saw Himself.

But the real picture of Harding, seeing himself as others saw him, and honestly, critically discussing the image he cast, flashed on the screen when the man with whom he talked commented on "the dire misfortune that so many of the unthinking should regard good-will as only amiable weakness." As Mr. Stewart related it, the President's reply was:

"'It is a pity that this is true but, nevertheless, I shall continue on this course—to be myself, just as I am. But be that as it may, I intend to approach every problem with good-will in my heart, instead of hatred.

"'Most questions which are settled by armed force are never permanently settled. Problems can be solved fundamentally only as they are worked out in a spirit of neighborly good-will.

"Good-Will Destroys Ill-Will."

"'Good-will is the only solvent of ill-will. I believe this is the time for good-will to be used as the great and most effective political policy, in furtherance of that good understanding without which no permanent betterment in human affairs can be effected.

"'I intend to approach every question, so far as I can, with neither bias nor ill-will. I shall continue, no matter what may be said of me, nor how harsh the criticism may be, nor how unjust, patiently to apply good-will and a friendly feeling in the settlement of every question.

"'People may think of me as they please, but I shall continue to be as I am, just Warren G. Harding as he is and as God fashioned him—a man who is trying, the best he knows how, to throw into the discard age-old discordant ways of doing things, ways which have never succeeded in bringing happiness into the world.

"'If I am misunderstood, and another course is demanded of me, then I shall accept, as I must, what fate may have politically in store for me. But I will not change my policy of good-will, even though it lead to my defeat for another term to the presidency and my obligation to private life.'"

SOUTH SENDS DEAD TRIBUTE

Erases Imaginary Line of Historic Fame and Expresses Grief.

The South last Friday bowed a farewell salute to a gentleman of the North. Down below that imaginary line of historic fame, the Southland stood in heightened sorrow and in silent reverence as Warren Harding reached home again—to stay.

That he had sprung from the other side of that line mattered not. That he was of political faith other than theirs was forgotten, since the sudden, sad word had flashed out of the West—news that had effaced the harsh angels of politics and had quickly, quietly blended the nation into a world of tender remembrances of him who had gone.

And Dixie bowed with genuine grief and sentiment as the little town "up North" showed its sadness and its love in services, simple and beautiful, over the earthly remains of a neighbor.

Down through the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia and the Carolinas and Tennessee; through the old, red hills of Georgia and Alabama; the low verdant valleys of Mississippi and Louisiana, the sweeping ranges of Texas and Oklahoma, and the palm-fringed peninsula of tropical Florida—through all those states that make up the land called Dixie—the grinding wheel of commerce paused.

For it was a holiday—a strange, hushed holiday—in honor of a great man who was not so much a Republican President as he was a President of the Republic. Over all the South, the holiday was observed. Governors of the various states had passed on the proclamation of the new President; heads of city and town and hamlet governments had relayed it to their people. From some sections delegations had gone to the little town "up North" to be present at the home services. Others had sent their sentiments in floral offerings. But the entire South was there in spirit.

For when the wires flashed "Taps" throughout the country as Ohio laid her native son within the portals of the tomb, the South bade Warren G. Harding a tender farewell.

Buffalo Printers to Present Folder

A specially prepared copy of a folder containing a reprint of "A Calm Review of a Calm Man," which Mrs. Harding was reading to the President when he died, will be presented to her by the Typothetae of Buffalo.

The article, a description of Warren G. Harding, was written by Samuel G. Blythe, a former Buffalo newspaperman. The special folder will have on its cover a portrait of Mr. Harding, with his last words—"that's good; go on, read some more."

Five thousand other copies will be presented by the Buffalo printers to government officials.

The Latest Markets

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, $1.02@1.03. Corn, cash, 92@94c. Oats, cash, 42@44c. Barley, cash, 65c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 69c. Clover seed, cash, $11.25; Oct., $11.90; Dec., $11.85. Alsike, cash, $10.15; Oct., $10.30; Dec., $10.30. Timothy, cash, $3.15; Oct., $3.30.

Chicago — Wheat, Sept., 99⅝c; Dec., $1.03⅜; May, $1.08⅛. Corn, Sept., 77c; Dec., 62⅞c; May, 64¾c. Oats—Sept., 35⅞c; Dec., 37¾c; May, 40⅞c. Rye, Sept., 65c; Dec., 68c; May, 71⅛c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 45c; solid pack, 44c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 27(@)27½c; Michigan, 27c; cream cheese, 27c; York state, 32c; longhorn, 29@30c.

Eggs — Candled, 30c; selects, 35c.

Bacon — Fat, 12c; lean, 24c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 19c; 9 to 10 lbs., 18c; 11 to 12 lbs., 15c; 13 to 15 lbs., 13c. Lord — 11½c. Hams — 22c. Sausage — Fresh pork, 14c; luncheon, 17c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 19@21c; geese, 13¾15c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 22@24c; Leghorn broilers, 25@26c; broilers, 30@33c; old roosters and stags, 13@15c; light hens, 16@18c.

Hides—No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; bull, 4c; green calf, No. 1, 11c; No. 2, 9½c; kip, 8c; No. 2, kip, 7½c; cured hides, No. 1, 8c; No. 2, 7c; horse hides, $3.00.

Cleveland — Butter, extra in tub lots, 47@48c; extra firsts, 45@47c; firsts, 44@46c; standards, 44@46c; packing stock, 31@32c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 32c; extra firsts, 30c; Ohio firsts, 28c, western firsts, 26c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 20c; high grade made of animal oil, 25@27c; lower grades, 17@18c. Cheese—Old York state, 27@28½c; new, 27@28c; brick, 28@29c; fancy Swiss, 41@42c; limburger, 29@30c. Poultry—Heavy fowls, 26@27c; light fowls, 18(@)20c; cocks, 17@18c; broilers, 33@35c; light, 27@28c; Spring ducks, 21@23c; old, 29@30c. Potatoes — Virginia Cobblers, stave barrels, best, $5.50; 150-pound sacks, $4.35@4.60; Early Ohios, $2.20 a hundredweight; Cobblers, $2.50@2.75 100-pound sack. Sweet Potatoes —Louisiana, $2.25 per hamper.

Chicago — Poultry, alive, lower; fowls, 16@23c; broilers, 27c; springs, 25c; roosters, 14c. Potatoes, weaker; receipts, 138 cars; total United States shipments, 551; Kansas and Missouri sacked cobblers, $2.00¾2.20 cwt.; Kansas sacked Early Ohios, $1.50@1.65 cwt.; Minnesota sacked Early Ohios, $1.20@1.40 cwt. Butter, lower; creamery extras, 42c; standards, 41½c; extra firsts, 40@41c; firsts, 38@39c; seconds, 36@36½c. Eggs—Higher; receipts, 13,151 cases; firsts, 25@26c; ordinary firsts, 23@23½c; storage pack extras, 28c; storage pack firsts, 27c.

Live Stock

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Hogs — Receipts, 50,000; uneven, mostly 25c higher on desirable grades; some sales 20@25c higher; bulk good and choice 160 to 240-pound averages, $8.05 @ 8.25; top, $8.30; bulk desirable 250 to 325-pound butchers, $7.60@8.00; packing sows, mostly $6.00@6.40; good strong weight pigs, $7.00@7.50; no purchases by big packers; heavyweight hogs, $7.20@7.90; medium, $7.35@8.30; light, $7.00@8.30; light light, $6.80@8.00; packing sows, smooth, $6.00@6.60; packing sows, rough, $5.75 @ 6.00; killing pigs, $6.50@7.50. Cattle—Receipts, 23,000; better grades all killing classes around steady; bidding unevenly lower on others; top matured steers, $12.25; some held higher; best long yearlings, $11.25; one load westerns to feeder buyers, $7.50; numerous loads steers and yearlings, $10.00@11.25; bulk vealers to packers, $11.00@11.50; outsiders paying $12.00@12.25; bulk bologna bulls, $4.40@4.65; bulk canners around $2.50; stockers and feeders, 15@25c higher. Sheep—Receipts, 16,000; all classes and grades of lambs generally steady; aged stocks steady to strong; good and choice western fat lambs, $12.60@12.75; natives mostly $12.00@12.25; culls mostly $9.00@9.50; six doubles good Washington yearlings, sorted, one double out, $10.25; best lightweight Iowa fed western ewes, $6.00; feeding lambs, generally $12.60@12.70.

East Buffalo—Cattle—Receipts, 2,600; steady; shipping and choice grades active and 25c higher; fair and common, slow; shipping steers, $10.00@11.80; butchers, $8.00@9.25; yearlings, $9.00@11.50; heifers, $6.00@8.50; cows, $2.50@6.25; bulls, $3.00@6.00; stockers and feeders, $5.50@6.50; fresh cows and springers, fairly active and steady, $40.00@110.00 per head. Calves—Receipts, 1,500; active and 50c higher, $4.50@14.00. Hogs—Receipts, 9,600; active, 10c to 25c higher; heavy very active and fairly steady; heavy, $7.50@8.50; mixed, $8.75@8.90; yorkers, $8.90@9.00; light yorkers, $8.50@9.00; pigs, $8.50; roughs, $5.25@6.50; stags, $4.00@5.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,200; lambs, 25c higher; sheep firm; lambs, $6.00@13.00; others unchanged.

Pittsburgh—Cattle—Receipts, 12,000; higher; steers, $10.50@11.00; heifers, $7.50@8.50; cows, $5.50@7.25. Hogs—Receipts, 4,500; higher; heavies, $8.15@8.25; heavy yorkers and light yorkers, $8.97@9.00; pigs, $8.00@8.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,500; higher; top sheep, $7.75; top lambs, $13.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,550; steady; top, $12.50.

Indianapolis—Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; 25c to 35c higher; heavies, $8.10@8.25; light weights, $8.60@8.75; top, $8.75; pigs, $6.00@8.00. Cattle—Receipts, 1,000; steers, 25c higher; others steady; steers, $7.00@11.50; beef cows, $4.50@7.50; heifers, $6.00@9.50. Calves — Receipts, 500; strong; veals, $9.00@13.00. Sheep and lambs receipts 150; steady; sheep, $2.00@6.00; lambs, $8.00@11.50.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Department of Agriculture) — Hogs — Receipts, 5,000; generally steady; fairly active on lights and medium weights; top, $8.05; bulk 160 to 240-pound averages, $5.85@8.00; most desirable light weights, $8.00; 250 to 325-pound butchers, $7.50@7.80; few good 120 to 130-pound pigs, $7.25@7.50; packer sows, $5.85@6.00. Cattle—Receipts, 300; compared with week ago, native beef steers, 25@50c higher at $9.50 and up; other natives and western steers, good and chice light yearlings and heifers and strictly choice cows steady; common and medium beef cows, 25@50c lower; canners and cutters, 50c lower; beef bulls, 25c lower; stockers and feeders steady to 25c higher; top steers, $9.00 @ 10.75; westerns, $11.25; bulks for week, native steers, $9.00@10.10;75; westerns, $5.25@7.30; yearlings, $9.00@9.85; cows, $4.00@5.50; canners, $1.75@2.25; bulls, $4.00@4.50. Sheep—Receipts, 1,200; market nominal; for week all classes steady; top lambs, $12.00; bulks for week: desirable natives, $11.75@12.00; southwest offerings, $11.50@11.75; culls mostly $7.00 to packers, $7.50@8.00 to others; mutton ewes, $5.50@5.50; breeding ewes, $8.00@9.00.

MADDEN SAYS FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN COVET SELFISH AIMS

France and England are close to the parting of the ways. Each is influenced by what she believes are her own interests which are not so divergent as they appear.

The United States has financial interests at stake and is a friend of both. In this capacity her advice would be heeded. It is time to mediate.

That in a nutshell is the view Representative Madden of Illinois, will express to the President personally, to the public generally and undoubtedly on the floor of the house.

"Such mediation as I will suggest," said Congressman Madden "Will not be to use up but to protect our interests and those of the countries concerned."

Believes Germany Can Pay.

"After a visit with the principal officials of Berlin I am confident the payment of 132,000,000,000 marks will not be too great a burden for Germany to carry. She has no internal or foreign debts because both have been wiped out by the depreciated mark. Her agriculture although inadequate, is in a prosperous state, but to prevent a disastrous Winter, potatoes must be shipped before the middle of October and fuel must be obtained elsewhere than in England from which country Germans now are buying supplies for local water and light plants."

Mr. Madden thus indicated the urgency of relieving the Ruhr situation before October: "England is paramount at sea and in commerce; France has superior military strength which she is constantly perfecting. Each country wants Germany to pay; each believes it is going about it in the right way. Neither will admit the other is right. They will never get together without the mediation of a friend. In these circumstances each seeks to hold the upper hand in Europe.

Says France Is Not Greedy.

"I am convinced France has no project to acquire territory and do not believe she would further communism or a Rhineland republic. It would be too obvious to her disadvantage in the eyes of the rest of the world even if she desired it because of the many advantages to her."

Mr. Madden, who is chairman of the house appropriations committee, appeared confident of the saneness of American mediation along the lines he will propose. He thinks it would overcome all opposition and would be welcomed by European nations, including Germany.

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HARDING LAUDED BY COMMONER

All Who Knew Him Loved Him, Bryan Says at Memorial Services.

Warren G. Harding left a name that will not die, William Jennings Bryan said in an address prepared for delivery at memorial services for the late President, in Miami, Fla., conducted under auspices of the American Legion.

"His friends, who were many, loved him; he was a friendly soul; he took delight in doing kindly things; it pained him to offend or even to be thought indifferent to the wishes of another. We have never had in the White House a man whose genial disposition was more contagious; you could not help being attached to him however much your convictions on matters of public policy may have differed from his.

"Mr. Harding took a position on public questions as they arose and he did not hesitate to make his position known, welcoming any risk that his utterances might invite. His speeches and messages showed growth in breadth and depth and earnestness. His oration at the funeral of the Unknown Soldier will stand among masterpieces of our orators. The entire citizenship of the United States came to respect him, not merely because of the exalted office to which he was lifted by the confidence of his countrymen, but also because he gave convincing proof of his patriotism, his public spirit and his conscientious devotion to duty."

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We want good men to handle our wonderful OLD MASTER Auto Enamel. New Outfit enables any auto owner to easily enamel his car as good as expert painter. Gives beautiful, smooth, glossy, durable, factory-like finish. Car ready to use the next day. Saves time, money and increases value. Sells quickly. Over 100 per cent profit. Big money also made enameling cars yourself. Exclusive territory given. Work full or spare time. Write today. FREE test sample.
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NATURAL Leaf Tobacco; Chewing, 5 lbs., $1.75; 10 lbs. $3; smoking, 5 lbs., $1.25; 10 lbs., $2. Pay when received, pipe and recipe free. Farmers' Co-operative Tobacco Union, Paducah, Ky.

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WRITERS—ATTENTION! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit manuscripts or write Literary Bureau, 114 Hannibal, Mo.

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$700 Secures 100-Acre Farm
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Big producer and pleasant home; income from start; 1½ miles village; city markets; dark loam tillage, pasture, woodland, sugar and apple orchards; comfortable 8-room house, 60-ft. basement barn, etc. Low price $3,000 and to settle immediately 10 cows, horses, hog, poultry, cream separator, tools, 6 a. oats, ½ a. potatoes, big garden, hay crop included. Only $700 needed. Details page 30-S, Illus. Catalog Bargains—many states. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150-S Nassau St., New York City.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

Start a business in your own county; make money at the county fair selling Guaranteed Marvel Vacuum Cleaners. Write for proposition, Marvel Co., Hammond, Ind.

HARDING'S DEATH OF LITTLE SIGNIFICANCE TO GERMAN NATION

President Harding's death signifies for Germany and Germans only the passing of a name and title. The departed President, unlike Woodrow Wilson, had not impressed his personality upon German opinion, either for good or for ill.

The epithet "pro-German" or "anti-German" was never attached to his name and his personal policies and views were so submerged in the general American policy of abstention from European affairs that from the time when the Germans ceased to hope for American intervention to relieve their distresses Mr. Harding had scarcely figured in press or public discussion.

No German of prominence had more than a passing acquaintance with him. German appreciations of the untimely passing of the American chief executive, as expressed in government, political and business circles, therefore, are confined to generalities about his honesty and sincerity and to the assumption that his death will have slight, if any, effect upon the course of European and particularly of German affairs.

Calvin Coolidge, also, is to Germans only a name, not a determinant influence affecting American policy, and so little is he known in Germany that several papers, otherwise well informed, repeat the mistake, made at the time of his election, of confusing him with Professor Coolidge of Harvard and referring to "his" writings on world politics in the same breath with his part in dealing with the Boston police strike.

At the foreign office, where alone is touch preserved with Washington political currents, the view was expressed that Mr. Harding's death and Mr. Coolidge's accession would change in no respect America's attitude toward Europe. Abandonment of America's policy of withdrawal from the European muddle, desired so urgently by all Germany, could come only as a consequence of economic developments, such as, perhaps, the growing pressure to find markets for America's grain harvests and the possible intervention of the farmer bloc.

In one respect, however, the President's death showed a striking sign of international diplomatic significance.

This was the prompt and independent action of British representatives in marking the death of the American president almost as if he were one of their own dead. The flag on the British embassy was flying at half-staff quite as promptly as on the American building, and it was the only foreign flag lowered as a sign of mourning. The British ambassador and secretaries were the first to leave cards of condolence at the embassy long before other diplomats and Foreign Minister von Rosenberg began to make their visits.

European diplomats, accustomed to the fineness of international usage, were quick to interpret this as an indication of British belief in Anglo-Saxon solidarity, and of the fact that even in Berlin Britons desired to emphasize the special bonds of interest and race uniting England with America in mourning the American president.

Coolidge Rewards Loyal Fighting Man Who Honors Dead President

President Coolidge last week rewarded a fighting man's loyalty to a commander-in-chief.

The fighting man was Michael A. Donaldson of Haverstraw, New York, a congressional medal-of-honor man, and until recently a sergeant in the 165th infantry.

The commander-in-chief was President Warren G. Harding. The reward was an unexpected opportunity to attend the burial services at Marion, as the guest of the new President.

Donaldson isn't a word painter. He couldn't tell newspaper men just what his feelings for President Harding had been. But he decided to go to Washington to pay tribute at the funeral ceremonies. It took some "pinching" to "dig up" the train fare but it was found, and he marched from the White House to the Capitol, behind the body of his dead commander.

Donaldson didn't think anybody recognized him or cared. But there was one who did—his new commander-in-chief, President Calvin Coolidge.

Comrades testify that never a shiver ran down the spine of Sergeant Donaldson when on Oct. 14, 1918, under withering fire, he crept from the sunken Sommerance-Landres-et-St. Georges road and, in broad daylight and in plain view of the enemy, made six trips to the crest of a hill to rescue wounded comrades.

And last week there were no shivers—but Donaldson was puzzled when the President sent for him.

"Seemed funny," he said. "Said he wanted the honor of meeting me. Seems funny, doesn't it?"

But he had recovered before he marched into the presidential suite and was asked by Mr. Coolidge to make the trip to Marion.

London Hotel Men Seeking Night Life

England needs a new law regulating public houses and places of entertainment, say owners of London's hotels and dance halls, who have banded together to obtain less stringent laws in the matter of closing.

The present law, which is adhered to vigorously by the authorities, was passed in the reign of George II, in 1751, and requires that dance places of all classes close at the stroke of midnight. Authorities may grant special licenses for specific places to remain open later, but generally they stick to the Georgian habits, and night life in London comes to a halt at 12 o'clock.

Hotel and cafe proprietors will ask the London county council to draw up a new law to be presented to parliament, and they have obtained the backing of the "Brighter London" movement committee, which is seeking to make London a rival of Paris.

Powers May Send Cruiser to China

A naval demonstration in Chinese waters by the European powers, it was learned recently is under consideration owing to anarchial conditions in the Chinese navy. The French department of marine is preparing to send two cruisers, one of them the armored cruiser Jules Ferry, if the demonstration is decided upon.

Cured Her Rheumatism

Knowing from terrible experience the suffering caused by rheumatism, Mrs. J. E. Hurst, who lives at 508 E. Olive St., C-455, Bloomington, Ill., is so thankful at having cured herself that out of pure gratitude she is anxious to tell all other sufferers just how to get rid of their torture by a simple way at home.

Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

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THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Toledo, Ohio.

GERMANY TORN BY RIOTS; CUNO MINISTRY QUITS

Chancellor Resigns; Stores Looted; Britain Calls Upon France to Pay Its Debts.

Disorders during the week-end, accompanied by considerable plundering of food stores and some bloodshed, were reported Monday from various parts of the occupied territory of Germany. The most serious trouble was at Gelsenkirchen, where two civilians were killed and from 15 to 20 injured seriously enough to require hospital treatment.

While outwardly calm has been restored there it is feared trouble may break out again because of the exasperation of the populace over the food shortage.

The Crefeld police arrested 120 persons accused of plundering clothing stores or compelling proprietors to sell their goods for almost nothing.

At Rheinhausen a group of communists attacked police headquarters, disarmed three policemen and killed one. At Waltrop a group of workers armed with knives and clubs went to a nearby farm and compelled the farmers to sell them foodstuffs.

Cuno Resigns.

The resignations of Chancellor Wilhelm Cun and his entire cabinet were accepted Sunday by President Ebert.

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, leader of the German people's party, has been commissioned by President Ebert to form a new government.

The new chancellor has been identified with industrial activities. He is the presiding chairman of the German-American Economic league, which is occupied with endeavoring to further trade relations between the United States and Germany.

It may be said that Herr Cuno was purely a victim of the economic crisis, as the three middle parties supporting him were still inclined to stand by his government. But at last they realized the futility of maintaining him in the position of chancellor in the face of 200 hostile labor votes in the reichstag. The chancellor's political supporters and President Ebert finally impressed him with the hopelessness of such a prospect and he concluded to resign.

Three times Sunday, communists at Rotthausen, near Gelsenkirchen erected gallows with effigies of Chancellor Cuno and Hugo Stinnes swinging from them, but each time the police tore them down. The proceedings ended in an ugly rush on the police by the crowd in which one policeman and five of the demonstrators were killed and 10 wounded.

In the welter of the European chaos with bloodshed, reported in several parts of Germany and the French premier in two speeches Sunday defending the French attitude and methods, Great Britain, plainly peeved played the trump card by calling upon France to pay its debts.

In a laborious note of 8,000 words, which was prepared as much with the idea of influencing opinion in the United States as of informing France and Belgium of its policy, the British government told its allies it believed they had killed the goose from which the golden egg had been expected, but notwithstanding that, it very explicitly notified France that she would be expected to produce enough coal for England to pay red debt to the United States, figured in this note at $3,550,000,000.

Leaves Way for Delay.

Leaving aside the argument in defense of its position, the note discloses two things—that England wants enough money out of the wreck to discharge its obligations to Washington, but no more, and that here it is believed impossible to arrive at a point where actual payment can be made until Germany's resources can be reassessed.

While the British note says that "long spun-out" negotiations cannot be considered at this time, it leaves the way open for that very thing by saying its proposition is "subject to just claims from other parts of the empire." Meaning that the whole matter can very easily, and very conveniently, because of the internal political situation, be referred to the imperial conference, which meets in October.

Further, the notes says the question of the legality of the French and Belgian occupation of the Ruhr is rather reluctantly raised at this late day, but the fact remains that it is raised, thereby providing an excellent additional excuse for delay.

HARDING KNEW DEATH WAS NEAR

Dr. Sawyer Tells Friends President Realized His True Condition.

President Harding when he left Washington for his Alaskan trip confided to some of his most intimate friends that he believed he would never live to return to Washington, Brigadier General Sawyer, his personal physician, told Marion friends of the late chief executive.

Dr. Sawyer said the President was fatigued when he reached St. Louis but he believed that he would regain his strength in rest periods between stops. However, Dr. Sawyer explained, the President failed to regain his strength and his condition became more serious as the trip progressed.

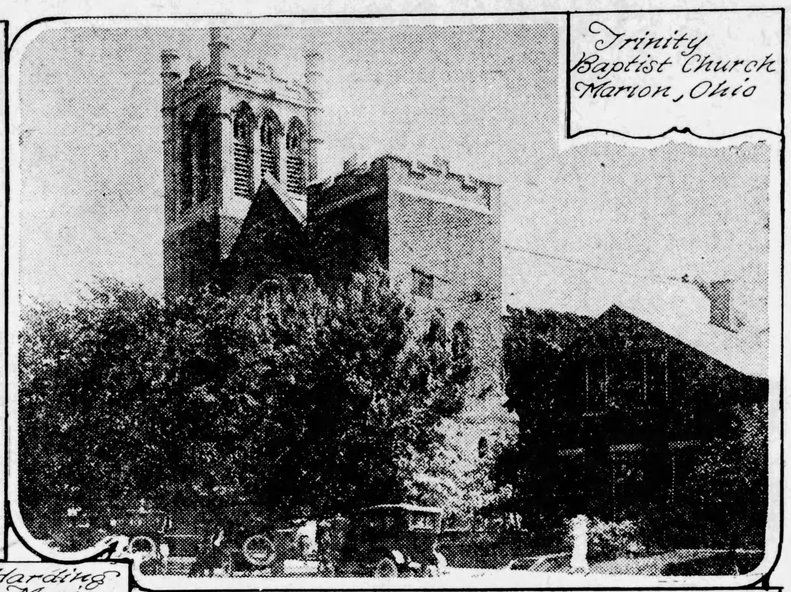
Dr. Sawyer told Marion friends that the President realized the seriousness of his condition before the party left Washington but did not make this known until he was taken sick in San Francisco.

Head of Cincinnati Plant 71 Years, Dies

The death of John H. McGowan, 93, of Cincinnati, ended what is believed to have been the longest presidential term in the history of United States industry. He was president of the pump manufacturing company bearing his name for 71 years. Mr. McGowan left an insurance policy on his life for $800,000.

Temporary Resting Place for Harding's Body and Marion Church Where He Worshiped

Vault in Marion Cemetery



Trinity Baptist Church Marion, Ohio

The Harding Lot in Marion Cemetery

Above at left is the vault in the cemetery at Marion in which the late President's body will lie until a mausoleum is completed. At the right, above, is shown Trinity Baptist church, Marion, which the stricken President attended while in Marion. Below the Harding lot in the Marion cemetery where lie the bodies of the mother and sister of President Harding.

SAD THRONGS MEET HARDING'S FUNERAL TRAIN IN CAPITAL

The White House sheltered its honored dead on Aug. 8.

The flag-draped casket of Warren Gamaliel Harding, twenty-ninth president of the United States, stricken while leading his country back from shell-torn fields to paths of peace was drawn gently into the capital by a funeral train that had crossed a continent.

Nine hours late was the train which east of Chicago, crawled through great crowds reluctant to end their tribute. It was after 10 P. M. when it arrived, but tens of thousands who stood for hours beneath a blazing sun and through a humid evening, still stood sorrowfully from railroad plaza to White House.

Tenderly the casket was carried from train through the terminal, past the new President and his cabinet, standing in silent salute.

Tenderly it was placed on an artillery caisson.

Tenderly it was drawn through the lane of silent thousands to the great mansion that had been Mr. Harding's home.

The guard of honor—marines, seamen and soldiers—lifted it from the caisson under the portico of the White House, and carried it for a night of rest into the East Room in which had lain Lincoln and McKinley.

President Withdraws.

Then the new President, his cabinet, high officials of the government, and military escort withdrew, leaving to Mrs. Harding her dead.

For only one night was it there, the next morning the nation made its claim and carried the honored coffin to the rotunda of the capitol for the funeral service in which millions from Atlantic to Pacific will join.

The lights in the funeral car cast a brilliant glow in the big train shed as the death cortege pulled slowly into Washington. Secretary Christian and Dr. Sawyer were on the back platform. There was no noise in the station but the throbbing of the air pump on a distant engine.

Mrs. Harding stepped off the car leaning on Secretary Christian's arm, and with Dr. Sawyer on her other side. The band in the concourse began playing "Nearer My God to Thee."

Mrs. Harding Erect.

Mrs. Harding walked erect but slowly along the station platform. While her hand was on Secretary Christian's arm she apparently needed no support.

The military guard of honor that stood about the casket all the way from San Francisco also alighted.

As the solemn strains of the comforting old hymn filled the station, the casket was tenderly lifted down through the special door cut in the side of the car. It was placed on a rolling platform.

A single wreath that had been waiting at the station was laid on the great flag spread over the casket.

The military guard resumed its place about the casket. The uniformed men raised their burden and began moving slowly toward the double rank of non-commissioned officers who formed a corridor to the President's room.

Meanwhile Mrs. Harding had entered an automobile and had been whisked away through a side street to the White House.

Walk Behind Casket.

Secretaries Hoover, Wallace and Work, Attorney General Daugherty and General Pershing walked slowly behind the casket as it was carried down the living corridor.

Speaker Gillett also walked with the party that alighted from the funeral train. The double rank of soldiers forming the aisle came to "present arms" as the casket was carried by, their bayonets flashing in the bright light.

The slow, majestic strains of the old hymn filled the big building with soft music as the casket was carried into the President's room.

Mrs. Harding reached the White House at 10:45 just as her husband's body was being taken into the President's room at the station. She walked into the house unaided.

Inside the executive mansion, which she had left six weeks ago as the First Lady of the Land, the widow was greeted only by old friends and members of the family. A plan to have Mrs. Coolidge and the ladies of the cabinet present to meet here was cancelled at her own request.

Group of Mourners.

The little group that were to console her while her dead lay in the East Room consisted of Mrs. George T. Harding, Jr., wife of the President's brother; Dr. Heber Votaw, the President's brother-in-law, and Mrs. Votaw; Clifford Kling, Mrs. Harding's brother, and Mrs. Kling; Governor Crissinger of the Reserve Board and Mrs. Crissinger, and Director Scobey of the Mint and Mrs. Scobey.

As Mrs. Harding stepped into the White House a shooting star dropped out of the heavens shedding a brief but mellow light upon the scene. A crowd of a few score, which had been admitted to the grounds, stood at a considerable distance until Mrs. Harding had disappeared beyond the portals.

President Coolidge gave his formal greeting to his dead chief as the casket reached the head of the aisle of soldiers, before the President's passed and then turned to follow with bent head.

The flag draped burden was borne through the long room to the plaza beyond and lifted to the black draped gun caisson. It was strapped in place as the troopers of the escort sat with sabers raised high in "present." A moment later, at a low command, the troops turned slowly away to lead the march to the White House.

Six bay horses, with two khaki clad outriders, drew the caisson. The escort moved off the plaza in platoon front, then halted while the motor cars took on their passengers.

President Coolidge and Speaker Gillette were in the first car. It was a few minutes before 11 o'clock when the sad procession began moving toward the capitol grounds. The hidden lights that usually flood the capitol with a white glow had been extinguished and the great dome stood against a moonless sky as if in mourning, a thing of mysterious beauty lifting above the great pile its surmounts.

Behind the President.

Behind President Coolidge in the cortege rode Chief Justice Taft and Secretary Hughes in a second car, then Secretaries Weeks and Denby riding together. The newspaper men of President Harding's party walked beside President Coolidge's car and the secret service men flanked it on the other side. A picked guard of honor from the headquarters company of the District of Columbia walked beside the caisson.

Another wide turn carried them into Pennsylvania avenue again and the last stage of the journey. Thousands were banked silent and bare-head along the way and deep into the park over the way from the White House gates.

The troopers swung on to turn into line and sat with rigid lifted sabers. The caisson rolled by them and on into the east gate at 11:40 P. M. and then around under the old trees to the great door through which great men of the century have passed.

Lights from the great chandelier under the portcochere threw a soft light down on the casket as it was lifted down and carried tenderly into the East room with its endless bank of flowers from the kings and great ones of the world.

Home to Rest.

A soldier and a marine bore the head of the sad burden and before it walked at slow pace the officers of the army and navy who had served close to the dead leader as his aides. Across the wide entrance way they passed, and Warren Harding was back again for a brief moment of rest in the home a proud nation gave him with his office in the fullness of its trust.

DOUBTED RISE OF COOLIDGE

Class Gave President Only One Vote as Most Promising Graduate.

As a senior in Amherst college, Calvin Coolidge, thirtieth President of the United States, got just one vote in a ballot to determine the upper classman destined to attain the highest honors in life.

That was the story told by Luther Ely Smith, St. Louis lawyer, who was a junior in Amherst when the President was graduated.

In college, as in after life, Coolidge was described as "cautious, silent," but "as a man getting what he went after." In President Coolidge's class of 1895 was Dwight W. Morrow, now member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. and prominent New York lawyer.

Morrow got the highest number of votes in the "distinction class." Morrow was the only man who cast his vote for Coolidge, Mr. Smith says.

The St. Louis lawyer said that Coolidge was something of an orator in school, his rare remarks being pithy with sarcasm and clever humor.

OFFICIAL RECORD OF HARDING FUNERAL SERVICES IN CAPITOL

This is the official record of the funeral service for President Harding in the rotunda of the capitol, as it will be recorded for posterity in the archives of the government:

The Rev. A. Freeman Anderson, D. D., associate pastor of the Calvary Baptist church:

"Our gracious God, upon whose great Father-heart alone our weary hearts find their rest, breathe, we beseech Thee, Thy benediction of peace upon the mourning millions of our own and other lands today, and especially upon those who shared most intimately the good life of our lamented leader.

"Behold, we are submerged under a great sorrow. With startling suddenness distress of a very uncommon depth and darkness has broken upon us, and our stricken nation echoes the cry of the psalmist: 'Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.' Out of the midst of the storm may there come to us, each and all, the voice of our Divine Helper, who yet walks in triumph upon the tempestous waves: 'peace, be still,' when Thou passest through the waters I will be with Thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow Thee.'

"Thy Will Be Done."

"Beyond all the depressing shadows that drape our sky this hour, give us with uplifted eye of faith to see clearly Him Who is ever 'the light of the world,' and the radiant hopes that are cloudless and fadeless despite all earth born tempest; to see God 'standing amid the shadows keeping watch above His own.' Give us to know that beyond all our unfulfilled dreams, our darkened hopes, our broken plans, our bitter disappointments, 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' Grant unto our spirits befitting resignation amid the mysteries of Thy wise providence, that like little children bending lowly and humbly at the feet of a Father whose mind is far beyond their comprehension, we may say with a new submissiveness: 'Thy will be done.'

"Driven by the blow of this great grief to merge our hearts in a common sympathy and prayer, help us to hold ourselves ever on the high level of the fraternal spirit and consecration to the highest good of our country and of all humanity.

"And Lord of hosts, be with us yet; lest we forget, lest we forget.'

Plea for Grace.

"We ask all needed grace in the Name that is 'above every name' and at which 'every knee shall bow.' Amen."

Whereupon the male quartet of the Calvary Baptist church, where President Harding was a parishioner, rendered one of the President's favorite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light."

The Rev. Dr. Anderson:

"Stricken with an unspeakable loss, we assemble today under this beautiful dome whose spherical form faces impartially in every direction; for we come from all directions to blend our hearts in the great brotherhood of bereavement and sorrow. As with one soul, we mourn most sincerely the departure of one of America's noblest sons; a devoted servant of God, a loyal and ardent patriot, a valiant leader, a princely gentleman, a gracious and inspiring friend.

"For our much needed comfort and reassurance, I shall read briefly from the great Book which he loved and whose high ideals his life so splendidly exemplified. May I first ask you to repeat with me President Harding's favorite psalm — the twenty-third."

Psalm Is Sung.

Whereupon, the assemblage united in repeating the twenty-third psalm.

"May I add to this favorite psalm the great text on which he laid his hand reverently the day he took the solemn oath of office as our President, Micah 6:8, 'He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.'

"I could add just another scriptural passage from the last chapter of the great Book, a few words that open to our view the endless vista of hope, and the golden opportunity for service, than which nothing could find more fervent response in Mr. Harding's great, kindly heart—Rev. 22:1-5:

"'And he showed me a pure river of water of life clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"'In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bears 12 manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the trees were for the healing of the nations.

"Shall Be No More Curse."

"'And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him.

"'And they shall see His face: and His name shall be in their foreheads.

"'And there shall be no nights there; and they need no candles; neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

"'O may I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; Live.
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars;
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.'—(George Eliot).

"'There is no death; what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian.
Whose portal we call death.'"
—(Longfellow).

Prayer by Chaplain.

The following prayer was offered by the Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., chaplain of the house of representatives:

"Almighty God we are in the presence of another announcement of Thy sovereign rule in human life. We are drawn toward Thy throne, which is Love and Mercy, and is established for ever and ever. It is our defense and the rock of our redemption. Have mercy upon us, Oh Lord, have mercy upon us. Cover all our weakness and all our wants, and comfort all hearts.

"Oh, abide with her whose breast cannot tell its anguish, and whose voice is broken with the sobs of sorrow. Console her with all Fatherly care and tenderness.

"Preserve in the heart of the nation the Christian character, the strength, the kindliness, the Americanism, and the patriotic fervor of our stricken President. Oh, how all hearts went out to him! Here was the tenderness of the lily and the sturdiness of the oak. In him was the majesty of the Winter and the glory of the Summer. 'Establish Thou the work of his hands; the work of his hands establish Thou it.'

Prayer for President.

"Oh, God of all nations, look upon our own land; guide its affairs wisely, and bless it abundantly. In this hour, when our citizenship is bowed in grief and feels so deeply the unspeakable loss which has fallen upon our beloved country, Oh do Thou bless and direct our President.

"Lead all citizens everywhere to put their best resources upon the altar of our nation's need. Inspire all to labor for the defense and the honor of all worthy causes. May we always continue to be a land that is blest with a united people, a prosperous and contented citizenship, and one that follows righteousness and fear the wrong.

"As the days come and the morrows go, may our hopes and our comforts be realized in the teachings of Him 'who spake as never man spake' in that silent and solemn moment when earth and time yield to heaven and eternity. Oh, may the golden light break over the everlasting hills—through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

The male quartet of the Calvary Baptist church sang "Nearer My God, to Thee."

The Rev. A. Freeman Anderson (in benediction): (The Levitical, in Numbers 6:24-26):

"The Lord bless Thee and keep Thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon Thee, and be gracious unto Thee;

"The Lord lift up his countenance upon Thee, and give Thee peace."

LEAVES ESTATE OF 102 MILLION

William E. Rockefeller's Largest Assets Were in Government Bonds.

William E. Rockefeller left an estate with a gross value of $102,584,438.36. It was shown in the report of the N. Y. tax commission. The report showed a net value of $67,649,660.30 after deductions for administration expenses, debts, funeral expenses and commissions to executors.

Mr. Rockefeller, who died on June 24, 1922, had debts of several million dollars.

Administration expenses amount to $2,800,000, commission to executors $1,688,927.39, and funeral expenses over $13,000. The federal and state inheritance taxes amount to more than $16,000,000.

The entire estate passes to Mrs. Emma R. McAlpin, William G. Rockefeller (since deceased), Percy A. Rockefeller and Mrs. Geraldine A. Dodge.

The largest assets of the estate were in United States government, state and municipal bonds, in which his investments amounted to more than $43,000,000.

Shoes Caused Strike

Refusal of their employers to buy working shoes for men who work among acids caused a strike of 300 men in Norwich, Eng.

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FRENCH PRESS FINDS ENIGMA IN COOLIDGE

Little Change In Foreign Policy of United States Seen as Result of National Tragedy.

The death of President Harding has caused little political reaction in Europe or at least in the great portion of Europe which is now dominated politically by France.

The main reason is that during the four years since the American peace delegation sailed for home Europe has finally become accustomed to America's determination never again to rush European situations without first taking plenty of time to think about it.

Prior to Mr. Harding's election Europe was on tiptoe with expectancy concerning the "great change immediately to happen" relating to America's foreign policy. With the accession of Calvin Coolidge to the presidency Europe, and especially France, sees if anything still greater American isolation during the 19 months that must elapse before the next inauguration day.

The French press unanimously finds President Coolidge an enigma. Several important papers have called upon resident American correspondents—including the Public Ledger's—for articles to aid them in clearing up the mystery. It is recalled that President Coolidge comes from the same state as Senator Lodge, who is considered the most irreconcilable of irreconcilables, and thus some fears are expressed that under the influence of Lodge, the new President may draw the nation further away than ever from European affairs.

Talk of Triumvirate.

On the other hand it is considered if he merely intends to let time run its course until after the next election, that in such a case certain strong members of the cabinet, such as Secretaries Hughes, Mellon and Hoover, may form a triumvirate which might find a real plan for American co-operation.

The third alternative which presents itself, is that Mr. Coolidge may decide to be his own man and bob up with some brand new ideas of his own, in which case the question mark placed after his name becomes bigger than ever.

Therefore, while preserving that hope which springs forever in the human breast and while manifesting interest and heartfelt sympathy for the United States in her present situation, the real European interest already has harked back to the immediate difficulties of Europe—the Ruhr and the Franco-British misunderstanding.

One of the most prominent politicians thus ably sums the situation up:

"We are told that Mr. Coolidge is animated by the same intentions as Mr. Harding, and will follow the same policy. Possibly. But we should rely upon him no more than upon his predecessor for that miraculous aid which might relieve us from our embarrassments.

"The United States, despite her immense riches, still has her own troubles resulting from the war. Therefore, the moral for us to draw is that we must count only upon ourselves. We must remain strong and just and not expect peace through a miracle, but upon our personal decision."

Sincere Tributes to Harding.

The entire French press is strikingly sincere in its expression of regret at the death of President Harding and for once, not in the banal commonplaces that are so usual in the exchange of international condolences. The Journal des Debats best sums up the national feeling in saying:

"At certain hours in the affairs of friendly nations the interests of politics and the divergence of interests bring a feeling that the 'traditional union' has relaxed. But it is sufficient for an event affecting the life of one of these nations to make the other see that their great common memories, either ancient or recent, have created ties that remain forever. Thus it is that France now associates herself with America in this hour of grief."

The government ordered the flags on all public buildings lowered to half-staff until after the funeral.

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KING'S TRIBUTE TO U. S. LEADER IS PRECEDENT

Many Notables Call at American Embassy to Express Sympathy for Nation.

Although personally unknown to England, President Harding won high regard in British minds, because whether they agreed with him or not they were impressed with the high quality of his sincerity. From the king, peers and political leaders down, England sincerely mourns his death.

King George shattered all precedent when he decreed seven days of court mourning for a ruler other than of royal blood, and tradition was put into the background when the Stars and Stripes floated at half-staff over the tower of the parliament building which had been exclusively used for the emblem to denote that parliament was in session.

That was explained by Lord Buckham, who, after mentioning Old Glory on the parliament building, said:

"This will express the universal feeling of sorrow throughout the British empire at the President's death. The Empire Press union, which represents the press of the whole commonwealth, deeply laments the loss of the greatest newspaper man in the whole world."

London Greatly Shocked.

London was truly shocked at Mr. Harding's death. Londoners had read in the morning newspapers that the President was improving, and when the first news came out in the early editions of the afternoon papers it was difficult to believe. But before noon the king, who was enjoying the racing at fashionable Goodwood, had issued a demand for the court's mourning. Soon after the emissary of his majesty arrived at the American embassy to express the king's sympathy. He was one of the first to arrive, but soon there was a steady stream of ambassadors, minister and government head, including Lord Beatty, at the embassy to express their regrets to Charge d'Affairs Post Wheeler.

A great many officials hurried out of London after parliament adjourned, but every important representative of a foreign country who was in London appeared at the embassy during the day.

M. St. Aulaire, the French ambassador, said after calling at the embassy: "This loss will be deeply felt in Paris, for since the great war French hearts beat as if possible ever and ever closer to Americans."

Baron Moncheur, M. St. Aulaire's colleague in the Ruhr controversy, whose wife is an American, said: "I feel the very great loss as if I were an American, and also all the more because of the memories of the Western welcome given me when I was traveling at President Wilson's request to urge conscription."

Hundreds Call at Embassy.

As the day wore on representatives of every branch of British life, usually so reticent, vied with each other in sincere expressions of sympathy, including Lord Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty, who in speaking of Mr. Harding referred to his "lofty character and statesmanlike sagacity," and Augustin Edwards, Chilean Minister and owner of the largest chain of newspapers in South America, who is fresh from a trip to the United States, said: "He will be remembered as the very embodiment of simplicity, in the greatness of his understanding in disagreement and for his cheerfulness in trying circumstances."

There are some men in American public life the English definitely dislike; there are many others they have a most high regard for, and the reason for the British regard for Mr. Harding may easily be summed up in the tribute of Consul General Skinner:

"The late President embodied all that was best in old-fashioned Americanism with his conservative instincts and excellence of character."

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Radio Concerts in Trains

Pullman cars equipped with radio receiving sets will be running soon on the various railway service in England. Experiments carried out by radio engineers on express trains using both inside and outside aerials have been very successful.

Many Books for Blind in Chicago Library

In an effort to reach every sightless person in this part of the country the collection of books for the blind in the public library in Chicago has become one of the largest in the United States, says R. Levin, assistant librarian.

The blind from nearly every state in the Mississippi valley patronize this collection, says Edward Peterson, in charge of the work. Anybody can apply for a loan and the government permits the books to be sent in franked envelopes.

The number of available volumes in raised printing is comparatively small, it is said, but the Chicago library, with 3,500 books, claims to have virtually everything ever published for the benefit of sightless people.

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